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"THE LAND OF THE SKY;" OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



"I have heard of the obstinacy of mules."

CHAPTER XI.

"Ferry pastures, beetling rock,
Slopes half-islanded by streams,
Glisten in the amber gleams
Of the sunshine—gleams that mock
Shadowed field and cool gray rock.

"Farther up the sobbing pines
Hold their uncontested sway,
Shutting out the smiling day
With their solemn, serried lines,
—Mournful, melancholy pines!"

THE sun is shining brightly, and his golden lances light up the depths of the forest into which we enter—an enchanted world of far-reaching greenness, the stillness of which is only broken by the voice of the streams which come down the gorges of the mountains in leaping cascades. Few things

are more picturesque than the appearance of a cavalcade like ours following in single file the winding path (not road) that leads into the marvelous, mysterious wilderness. When the ascent fairly begins, the path is often like the letter S, and one commands a view of the entire line—of horsemen in slouched hats and gray coats, of ladies in a variety of attire, with water-proof cloaks serving as riding-skirts, and hats garlanded with forest wreaths and grasses. The guide tramps steadily ahead, leading the pack-horse, and we catch a glimpse of his face now and then as he turns to answer some of the numerous questions addressed to him.

"O Mr. Burnet," cries Sylvia, "shall we see a bear?"

"Tain't very likely," answers Mr. Burnet,

glancing round with a smile, "but you'll see the tracks of one or two, p'raps. That'll be better than nothin', won't it?"

"Very much better than nothing; but I want desperately to see a bear itself."

"I kin show you a bear-trap after a while, without takin' you very fur from the road," says the hunter.

"Do you catch bears in traps?" asks Sylvia. "Tell me all about it."

It is to be supposed that Mr. Burnet complies with this request—at least we hear his voice mingling with Sylvia's blithe tones as the *cortège* winds deeper and deeper into the still, beautiful forest. Sylvia's mule, as soon as we start, declines on any account to remain in the rear of the party—or indeed anywhere but in the front rank, next the pack-horse. On such an expedition as this people laugh at things that seem very trivial in repetition, and we make the echoes ring with our mirth as this small but determined animal pushes resolutely by every one else, and carries its protesting rider to the van.

"I have heard of the obstinacy of mules," she says, tugging fruitlessly at the rein, "but I never realized before what it is! I can make no impression whatever on this creature. He goes exactly where he likes, without the slightest regard to my wishes. Sure-footed? Yes—he picks the best footing, with profound indifference as to whether I am scraped against trees, or pulled off by branches, or any thing else. Has a mule's mouth got no feeling? I'm sure I have pulled on this bit till my arm aches."

"I wish I had a sketch of you, Sylvia!" says Rupert, between his fits of laughter. "By George! you are a comical sight—you and your mule."

"You are very ill-bred," says Sylvia, "and I am going to devote myself to Mr. Burnet."

The ascent is very gradual and very slow. We are mounting all the time, but the zig-zag path spares us any thing very much on the perpendicular order. Now and then we feel inclined to cling to the manes of our horses as we feel the saddles slipping backward at some steep ascent—but on the whole the terrible accounts that we have heard of the way are by no means verified.

"We wind up the side of the mountain like this for several miles," says Eric, "then

we travel along a ridge for some distance, and finally we ascend the peak formerly called the Black Dome, now Mount Mitchell. The whole distance is about twelve miles, and the most of it is steady climbing. We shall not reach the Dome until three o'clock at earliest."

"And shall we have nothing to eat until then?" asks Rupert, dismayed.

"Nothing," is the disheartening answer.

"What a big mountain this must be!" says Mrs. Cardigan.

"It is about twenty miles long," answers Eric, "and contains at least a hundred thousand acres of as dense wilderness as is to be found out of the tropical belt. When we reach Mount Mitchell we shall be in the centre of a region of unbroken forest, without house or road in any direction—except this path and a few trails known only to the hunters—for a radius of ten or twelve miles."

Higher and higher we mount—the horses straining steadily upward with few pauses. The forest around us becomes wilder, greener, more luxuriant, with every step. When we wonder at this, Eric bids us observe the rich, black loam which composes the soil. Such gigantic trees as grow here cannot be matched, I am sure, out of California. The chestnuts, especially, exceed in girth and height any thing we have ever seen. Other trees correspond in size, and the dense undergrowth makes a sea of impenetrable verdure in every direction.

Presently, however, the aspect of our surroundings changes. We leave this varied forest behind, and enter the region of the balsam, from the dark color of which the mountain takes its name. Above a certain line of elevation no trees are found save these beautiful yet sombre firs. They grow to an immense height, and stand so thickly together that one marvels how any animal larger than a cat can thread its way among their stems. Overhead the boughs interlock in a canopy, making perpetual shade beneath. No shrubs of any kind are to be found here—only beds of thick, elastic moss, richer than the richest velvet, and ferns in plump profusion. Putting aside every thing else, it is worth ascending the Black Mountain to see these mosses and ferns. Description can give no idea of their beauty. As lovely ferns may perhaps be found elsewhere—though this is doubtful, since the rich soil, the perpetual moisture, and perpetual shade, foster their growth to the highest possible degree—but one never sees out of the balsam-forests the peculiar moss which is their glory. It is almost rank in its richness; it is more vivid than emerald in its greenness; and there is a delicate grace about it which no other moss possesses. It is more like a fairy forest of miniature palm-leaves than any thing else to which we can liken it.

"What is this?" we ask, as our horses struggle one by one up a steep ascent, and pause on a small plateau, where a double house of balsam-logs stands. All planking, every thing which made the house habitable, is gone, but the stout logs remain firmly fixed together, and look as if they might defy the hand of Time. "Are we on the summit?"

"On the summit!" Eric laughs. "This

is only the Mountain House, the summer residence, formerly, of Mr. William Patton, who owned the mountain. You are five thousand four hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, however, and have a most extensive view."

We turn—so dense has been the forest through which we ascended that this is our first glimpse of what we have gained—and see the world unrolled like a map below us, with mountain-ranges in azure billows spreading to the farthest verge of the infinitely distant horizon. It is a picture which almost takes away our breath, and dwarfs into insignificance all else that we have seen. What are the hills and rocks on which we have hitherto stood to this grand mountain-height, with the boundless territory which it overlooks? Eric points out the sweeping lines of the two great ranges which inclose on each side this Eden of the sky, as they trend southward to South Carolina and Georgia, and the innumerable transverse ranges and spurs that cover the face of the country. Far, misty, ocean-like, the magnificent expanse spreads, looking like a celestial country instead of a common work-day world.

We could linger here for hours, but are imperatively hurried on. Again we plunge into the dark shade of the dense balsams. The path is no more than a trail, which an eye inexperienced in woodcraft could not detect, and the way grows more and more steep. One moment the horses slip on the rocks up which they clamber; the next instant they sink above their fetlocks in black mud; there is barely room for their passage through the close-growing trees; and every few minutes a cry runs along the line, "Look out for your heads!" and we bend down on their necks to escape being scraped off by some leaning tree or low bough. In every direction stretches the sombre, impenetrable forest, and the only things which break the monotony of its gloom are masses of rock piled together in strange, fantastic shapes, and covered with moss and ferns.

Two miles of this steep climbing brings us to the summit of the undulating ridge along which our way lies for several miles farther. The funeral branches of the balsam still overshadow us, but now and then we emerge from this canopy of shade into small, open spaces, lovely enough for a fairy court. Short, green grass flourishes, one or two graceful, hardy trees make a pleasant contrast to the sombre firs, and flat rocks here and there seem provided specially for seats. We would willingly pause in these charming spots, but our guide calls no halt. He seems insensible to fatigue as he presses steadily onward with his long strides, and we are forced to follow, since this mountain wilderness, abounding in precipices and pitfalls, would be an unfavorable place in which to indulge a fancy for straggling. Twice he points out bear-tracks crossing our path, and once he turns aside from the path to show Sylvia the promised bear-trap—a stout erection of large logs.

"When you find a bear in a place like this," she says, regarding it gravely from the height of her mule, "what do you do to him?"

"Shoots him, generally," answers Mr. Burnet, with a broad smile.

"And you call that hunting!" she says, scornfully. "Why, I should think you would feel like a coward to come and shoot a poor trapped animal."

"Looking at the matter in that light, all hunting is cowardly," says Eric. "But if the bear had been stealing your hogs for several months you would probably be willing to shoot him when you found him in a trap.—Lead on, Dan. I am growing—to put it moderately—rather hungry."

Dan leads on, and presently we emerge on the largest and most beautiful of the little prairies through which we have passed. This stretch of open ground lies at the foot of the highest peak, the abrupt sides of which rise in conical shape before us. We pause, attracted not only by the gentle loveliness of the spot, but by the magnificence of the far-stretching view. Immediately in front of us sweeps westwardly the great range of Craggy, its spurs shutting off Asheville from our view. Beyond, Pisgah lifts its crest, with its surrounding mountains, while behind these range after range melts into illimitable distance, and more than half the counties of the western part of the State lie spread before us. Eric takes his cherished companion—a large field-glass—from its case, and brings it to a proper focus, then he hands it to me.

"Look," he says, "at that cloud-like table-land lying near the South Carolina line—do you see what I mean? That is the upper valley of the French Broad in Transylvania, and it is nearly on a level with the summit of the Blue Ridge."

The glass passes from hand to hand, for we all alight here, since the rest of the ascent can best be made on foot. The saddles are taken from the horses, and they are turned loose to graze until morning.

"Suppose they should run away?" suggests Mr. Lanier, a little aghast at this proceeding; but our guide only laughs.

"They'll not run far," he says.

"If they did, we should have to walk down the mountain," says Sylvia. "That would be capital fun!"

"Fun which I had rather be spared," says Mrs. Cardigan, taking off her water-proof, which has served as a riding-skirt, and throwing it over her arm.

Only the pack-horse is led to the summit of the peak. We follow, glad to be spared the ascent of the steep and rocky way on horseback. The climbing is laborious, but fortunately short. Before long we gain the top, and the first object on which our eyes rest is a grave.

It was a strange fancy which gave to Professor Mitchell, who lost his life on this mountain, so wild and isolated a resting-place! Yet the reason is evident enough. In the warmth of personal friendship, men wished to link his name with this loftiest peak of the Appalachian heights; and they have done so effectually. The dome is not likely to be called by any other name than "Mount Mitchell" so long as the first sight which greets those who ascend it is Mitchell's grave.

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bare. A few yards down its sides the balsam-growth begins; but the firs are stunted, and round the crest of the knob half at least of them are dead and look like white spectacles of trees. A small cabin stood here a year or two ago, but is now burned down—only its chimney remaining.

"Where is the cave? I don't see any cave," says Mrs. Cardigan, looking blankly round as we seat ourselves in an exhausted condition on the scattered rocks that abound.

"The cave is about fifty yards down the side of the peak," says Eric. "Burnet has taken the pack-horse there to unload. As soon as you are rested sufficiently, we had better follow. We can take dinner, and then return here for the view."

Does any one wonder that we rise with alacrity at the sound of that magic word "dinner?" If so, he or she never made a mountain-ascent of six hours in an atmosphere that sharpens the appetite to that positive hunger which in ordinary life we so seldom feel.

Down a path on the other side of the peak we go, and, about fifty yards from the summit, are led to a large rock, one side of which shelves inward to the depth of ten or twelve feet, forming an excellent shelter.

"This was the royal residence of the king of the bears in the good old times when there were no men on these mountains," says Rupert, as we approach. (He was on his knees, assisting Harrison to unpack the provisions.) "It serves admirably for bears, but is rather low for people."

"For giants like yourself, very likely," says Sylvia. "I can stand upright in it, quite far back, very comfortably—see!"

"And when one sits down it is admirable," says Mrs. Cardigan, suiting the action to the word, and sitting down on a shawl which Mr. Lanier has spread for her.

"Here is a natural cupboard," I say, ex-



In the Cave.

aminating a ledge of rocks that juts out on one side.

"I doubt if we shall leave any thing to go into it," says Charley. "I am famished!"

"Spread the table quicker, Harrison!" cries Sylvia.—"Eric, carve the ham while I cut some bread."

The table is spread—to wit, a miscellaneous collection of eatables are placed on a

piece of black oil-cloth—and dinner begins. How hungry we are! how well the food tastes, and what a quantity of it we devour! For some time no other remarks are heard than those which are strictly necessary. Requests are made for bread-and-butter, for another piece of ham or chicken, for pickles or sardines; beyond this, little is said until we look at each other and laugh. By this time the feast is drawing to its close. Canned fruits, cakes, and jelly, are on the table; Charley is opening a bottle of wine.

"Fate cannot harm us, we have dined to-day," says Sylvia. "Oh, were you ever so hungry before? I only hope we have left enough for breakfast: we cannot afford to eat any supper."

"Can't we?" says Rupert, looking disunayed. "Why, I think there's a plenty left. We'll have some coffee, at any rate. As soon as Burnet comes back—he has taken the pack-horse down to the others—we are going to make a fire."

"If the wind should be in the wrong direction, we shall suffer dreadfully from the smoke," says Mr. Lanier, looking at the great pile of charred logs immediately in front of our rock-house—remnants of the fire of some other party.

"Better suffer from smoke than from cold," says Eric. "You'll be glad of the fire when night falls; and, in order that you may have it, we must go to work and cut wood enough to last till morning."

"Cut wood!" repeats Mr. Lanier, with a gasp. He has plainly not anticipated any thing like this. "You mean that Harrison and the guide will cut it?"

"I mean that it will require several axes to cut as much as we shall need," answers Eric. "The balsam-wood will not burn in small quantities."

Mr. Lanier does not volunteer to take one of these axes; he looks, on the contrary, greatly disgusted.

"And you call this a pleasure-excursion?" he says.

"A pleasure exertion it might better be defined—don't you think so?" asks Mrs. Cardigan, laughing.

"I wondered why you were bringing axes along," says Sylvia, turning to Charley; "and this is what it was for?"

"This is what it was for," he answers. "Now—since we are in a gypsy camp—may I ask leave to light a cigar? 'When Juno ruffles thee, O Jupiter, try the weed'—and, according to my experience, Juno is pretty sure to ruffle one sooner or later; therefore, it is well to be provided with a weed."

"After that, you don't deserve permission to light it," she says, "but I suppose we

can't refuse you the privilege which we are willing to grant the others."

At this, cigars are lighted, and, when the bottle of wine has been emptied, we take our way back to the summit.

There the full glory of all that we have come to see bursts upon us. How can one write of it?—how give the faintest idea of the beauty which lies below us on this Sep-



"Sylvia mounts the chimney, and stands there."

tember day?—how describe the sublimated fairness of the day itself in the rarefied air of this high peak?

"I have never obtained so good a view before!" says Eric. "There are not a dozen days in the year when one can obtain such a view from this mountain."

"What delightful luck that we should have hit one of the dozen!" says Mrs. Cardigan. "Don't you feel as if you overlooked the whole world, and the kingdoms thereof? O Mr. Markham, dear Mr. Markham, tell us what every thing is!"

Dear Mr. Markham proceeds to comply with this moderate request, while Sylvia mounts the chimney, and stands there—field-glass in hand—sweeping the horizon, as he indicates one object after another. Charley sits on the chimney at her feet, swinging his legs meditatively and smoking; Mrs. Cardigan, in her enthusiasm, takes Mr. Lanier's arm.

The view is so immense that one is forced to regard it in sections. Far to the north-east lies Virginia, from which the long waving line of the Blue Ridge comes, and passes directly under the Black, making a point of junction, near which it towers into the steep Pinnacle and stately Graybeard—so called from the white beard which it wears when a frozen cloud has iced its rhododendrons. From our greater eminence we overlook the Blue Ridge entirely, and see the country below spreading into azure distance, with white spots which resolve themselves through the glass into villages, and mountains clearly de-

fined. The Linville range—through which the Linville River forces its way in a gorge of wonderful grandeur—is in full view, with a misty cloud lying on the surface of Table Rock, while the peculiar form of the Hawk's Bill stands forth in marked relief. Beyond, blue and limitless as the ocean, the undulating plain of the more level country extends until it melts into the sky.

As the glance leaves this view, and, sweeping back over the Blue Ridge, follows the main ledge of the Black, one begins to appreciate the magnitude of this great mountain. For miles along its dark crest appear a succession of cone-like peaks, while, as it sweeps round westwardly, it divides into two great branches—one of which terminates in the height on which we stand, numerous spurs leading off from its base, while the other stretches southward, forming the splendid chain of Craggy. At our feet lie the elevated counties of Yancey and Mitchell, with their surface so uniformly mountainous that one wonders how men could have been daring enough to think of making their homes amid such wild scenes.

"The richest lands in the mountains are to be found in those counties," says Eric, when we remark something like this:

"Look at the farms—they scarcely seem more than gardens from our point of view—dotted all over the valleys and rolling tablelands, and even on the mountain-sides. Yet Burnsville, the county-seat, is six hundred feet higher than Asheville."

Beyond these counties stretches the chain of the Unaka, running along the line of Tennessee, with the Roan Mountain—famous for its extensive view over seven States—immediately in our front. Through the passes and rugged chasms of this range, we look across the entire valley of East Tennessee to where the blue outlines of the Cumberland Mountains trend toward Kentucky, and we see distinctly a marked depression which Eric says is Cumberland Gap. Turning our gaze due westward, the view is, if possible, still more grand. There the colossal masses of the Great Smoky stand, draped in a mantle of clouds, while through Haywood and Transylvania, to the borders of South Carolina, rise the peaks of the Balsam Mountains, behind which are the Cullowhee and the Nantahala, with the Blue Ridge making a majestic curve toward the point where Georgia touches the Carolinas.

"To understand how much you see," says Eric—"for such a view is bewildering in its magnitude—you must remember that this elevated country called Western North Carolina is two hundred and fifty miles long, with a breadth varying from thirty to sixty miles, and that you overlook all this—with much more besides."

"With very much more besides," says Charley, "especially in the matter of width. Cumberland Gap is fully a hundred miles away, and the view on the other side of the Blue Ridge is even more extensive."

"You are right—it is bewildering," says Sylvia, dropping the glass, "and it is folly to think of seeing such a view in one day or two days. We should remain here for a week at least."

"In that case, we'd have to send for more provisions," says Rupert's voice from the rear.

Then Eric rouses with a start to the consciousness that, while the sun is sloping westward, and the shadows are lengthening over all the marvelous scene, a supply of wood for the night has not been cut. The axes of the guide and Harrison are ringing down among the balsam-trees, but he is too experienced a mountaineer to trust entirely to their efforts.

"Come, Rupert," he says, "a little exercise will do you no harm.—Charley, if we need recruits, I'll call you."

"Very good," says Charley, with resignation.

Deserted thus by our instructor, we cease to ask the names of the mountain-ranges or towering peaks. It is enough to sit and watch the inexpressible beauty of the vast prospect as afternoon slowly wanes into evening. There is a sense of isolation, of solemnity and majesty, in the scene which none of us are likely to forget. So high are we elevated above the world, that the pure vault of ether over our heads seems nearer to us than the blue rolling earth, with its wooded hills and smiling valleys below. No sound comes up to us, no voice of water or note of bird breaks the stillness. We are in the region of that eternal silence which wraps the summits of the "everlasting hills." A repose that is full of awe broods over this lofty peak, which still retains the last rays of the sinking sun, while over the lower world twilight has fallen.

SUSANNE GERVAZ;

A MAID OF THE GÉVAUDAN.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

THE three months which elapsed between the murder of Simon Vernon and the trial of Jacques Boucard, charged with the commission of the crime, had been more than sufficient to incite wide-spread public attention; and from Alais to Mende, from Vigan to Florac, Jacques and Susanne were the constant topics.

Nobody even hazarded the idea that Jacques was innocent: the interesting feature of the affair was that he had committed the murder under the effect of jealousy. What, above all, excited universal attention, was the sublime falsehood of Susanne as to her presence at her lover's on the morning of the murder, and, more than all, her splendid appearance on the occasion of the prisoner's examination—an appearance which M. Favernay had painted in vivid colors in all the drawing-rooms which he frequented.

"If the jury is inflammable, and she fixes her grand eyes on them," he said, smiling, "I'll find all my eloquence thrown away!"

One person alone interested himself in Jacques—M. d'Estézac, his employer, who was the brother-in-law of M. de Ribière, and had been absent in Corsica when the crime was committed. He knew Jacques well, made himself acquainted with all the cir-

cumstances, and the more he reflected the more he doubted the poor fellow's guilt. The young man was passionate, he might kill a rival in a sudden quarrel; but, *assassinate* any one?—it was impossible! As to M. de Ribière, he asked nothing better than to be convinced of the justice of his brother-in-law's views; but M. Favernay laughed at them.

"What," he said, "after putting the police on the track for three months, after exploring the woods of Lespervelouse, the moors of Chadelbos, and the forest of Mercoire, as if they were hunting a hare or a fox—if, after all this, no traces of any other criminal could be found, are we to believe that Jacques Boucard is not the man? Such a view is contrary to common-sense!"

M. d'Estézac was not convinced. He still believed that Jacques was innocent, and went to visit him in prison on the day before that fixed for his trial. He found him calm and sad.

"You are very kind to come to see a poor fellow in trouble, sir," said Jacques. "If I was not a Christian, I would ask a favor of you."

"What favor?"

"To bring me something that would put an end to me before I am called to take my place on the criminal bench."

"Unhappy man! You are innocent; you believe in God, and you wish to kill yourself!"

"Because I feel I am lost! They tell me if I confess all, my good character may get me a pardon. But how can I say where the money is? Thank God, I do not know! Then, as to Susanne, she will be one of the witnesses. She will say again that she was with me in my house on the 28th of November, from six to eight in the morning; and I mean still to say that her statement is false!"

"Why?"

"Why? Because I ought to think only of her now, not of myself. I am lost—lost in every way—for the whole country believes I am guilty. What would I gain by confessing that Susanne told the truth? People would say that it was a private understanding between me and my sweetheart, and ninety-nine in a hundred would still believe that I murdered Simon Vernon. They called me *Jacques the water-drinker*—they would call me *Jacques the thief and the murderer*! No, I should be dishonored, and Susanne would share my dishonor. You could not keep me as your game-keeper, sir; I should have to beg my bread. If I asked people to employ me, they would say, 'Go dig in the Priest's Inclosure!'"

He fell back on his pallet.

"And Susanne!" he exclaimed; "if she married me, all the world would despise her; and our children—the family of Cain! Could she still continue to love me?"

"Oh, be easy as to that, Jacques; she is yours forever! Happy or unhappy, condemned or declared not guilty, absent or present, living or dead, she will love you still—yes, even if you had committed this crime!"

Jacques seized the speaker's hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"You save me from despair and blasphemy, sir, and from the demons! They have sworn to betray me, whether you believe in them or not! Explain this to me: why is it that, if any one kills a hare or a partridge in the woods of Mercoire, he is discovered in three days; while here a man is killed, and three months afterward there are no traces of the murderer? That is magic; the assassin will not be found.

"Trust in God!" said M. d'Estézac; "and now I must go. Your trial takes place to-morrow; look before you in the court-room, and you will see Susanne and myself, who still remain faithful to you."

"Oh, thanks, sir—thanks!" and Jacques began to sob like a child.

The trial of Jacques Boucard took place on Wednesday, the 17th of February, 1826. A great crowd had assembled from as far as Aigues-Mortes, Beaucaire, and Nîmes, and every class was represented, from the highest to the lowest, ladies and peasant-girls, gentlemen and laboring-men. The women looked with avidity toward the door through which Susanne was to enter, burning to behold this young girl who had accused herself to save her lover, and the young beaux exclaimed in a whisper to their fair companions:

"What a lucky fellow Jacques is! I would take his place willingly if you would love me as much as she does him!"

M. Favernay, the prosecutor, had assumed an expression of melancholy dignity, but had not forgotten that he was from Paris. He wore varnished boots, yellow kid-gloves, cuff-buttons, a black coat, and a white cravat.

"That young man will be attorney-general before he is forty," the president of the tribunal said.

We need not describe the appearance of the court-room—an aristocratic crowd, glittering in full toilet; behind them a great mass of plainer people; the jury in their stall; and the president with his officials seated behind a table covered with a black cloth, on which lay the leathern belt of the murdered man.

Jacques was brought in under guard. He was pale and thin; his hair was in disorder, his eyes were hollow from want of sleep, and from time to time he looked vaguely at his counsel, the judge, or the crowd, where he recognized M. d'Estézac and Susanne. The indictment was then read, and the judge proceeded to examine the prisoner.

"Stand up, accused," he said. "What is your name?"

"Jacques Boucard."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-one."

The examination followed, but resulted in no new facts. The prisoner continued to deny every thing, and the witnesses were introduced. The chief of police stated the circumstances of the young man's arrest, and the discovery of the belt under the lounge in his house; it was passed to the jury, who, one after another, examined it. Then the rivalry between Jacques and Simon was put in evidence, the preference awarded to the latter by André Gervaz, the girl's father, and the scene at the Coucourde Inn, where every-

body had said, "Something unfortunate is going to take place!"

The judge turned to the prisoner.

"Accused," he said, "what have you to reply to the evidence just given?"

"Nothing."

"How do you explain the discovery of the unfortunate Simon's belt at your house a few hours after his murder?"

"I cannot explain it."

A murmur came from the crowd, plainly unfavorable to the prisoner. The wood-cutters who had passed the "Priest's Inclosure" were then called, and it was shown that they had reached the spot between half-past seven and eight. M. Duolos, the health-officer, then repeated his statement that the murder, in all probability, must have been committed about seven. The judge turned to Jacques.

"Where were you at seven on that morning?" he said.

"In my chamber."

"With Susanne Gervaz?"

"No, sir; by myself."

The murmurs redoubled. In the midst of them, M. d'Estézac was called to testify to the prisoner's previous character. His testimony was full of warmth. He had known the prisoner from his childhood, and had never found him guilty of the least discreditable action; that he was capable of murder seemed to him, M. d'Estézac, an utter impossibility. Unfortunately, this evidence had little weight. Jacques was the son of M. d'Estézac's old nurse, and the witness had been absent when the murder was committed. He sat down, and Susanne Gervaz was called.

At this name a stir ran through the crowd, and every eye-glass was directed toward Susanne as she was brought in. She came forward with a mixture of tremulous dignity and grief, which made a deep impression. Her black dress defined the beauty of her figure, and accorded with the sad but proud expression of her countenance. Her sorrow was only betrayed by a black circle around her large eyes, and a slight moisture half veiling their flame. The alteration in her appearance was different from that in Jacques. He was crushed; she was aroused. Either from modesty or the fear of losing her courage, she did not look at Jacques during her whole examination.

The judge said to the prisoner:

"You persist in stating that on Monday, the 28th of November, 1825, at seven in the morning, you were in your chamber?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that you were alone?"

"Yes."

"Very well.—Now, mademoiselle, stand up. What is your name?"

"Susanne Gervaz."

"Your age?"

"Eighteen."

The judge opened the volume containing the Penal Code.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am about to read to you Article 361 of the Penal Code. It is in these words: 'Whoever shall be guilty of giving false evidence on a criminal trial, either against the accused or in his favor, shall be punished with hard labor at

the discretion of the court.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have heard the prisoner's statement?"

"Yes, sir."

"On your first examination you stated that you were at Jacques Boucard's house, from six to eight in the morning, on the 28th of November—thereby proving an *alibi* in his favor, even by dishonoring yourself. The prisoner, however criminal, would not consent to profit by your statement: he has just reasserted that he was alone at that hour. Now, mademoiselle, you are before the jury, and on your oath. Were you present with Jacques Boucard, in the house of Jacques Boucard, on the morning of the 28th of November between the hours of six and eight?"

"No, sir," replied Susanne, in a dull, low voice, but without a moment's hesitation.

There was a general movement of disappointment and contempt. The audience had prepared themselves for a sublime falsehood, and the result was a vulgar truth. The judge leaned back in his chair, and the public prosecutor began his address to the jury—struggling apparently under deep emotion, and carefully arranging a curl of hair on his forehead.

In his vivid and impassioned periods, poor Jacques Boucard came out, trait by trait, as a bloody monster—Simon Vernon as a brave soldier and honest man, who had been foully murdered. A love-rivalry might have caused this bitter animosity resulting in assassination; and the jury had seen that the beautiful Susanne had not at first scrupled to resort to perjury to save her favorite. Now there was no longer any doubt, however, and he called upon the jury to "strike Jacques Boucard without pity, as Jacques Boucard had struck Simon Vernon!" He sank back in his seat, as though exhausted by emotion, and glanced covertly at the audience to see the effect of his oratory.

The counsel for Jacques, an old lawyer of the region, then rose to address the jury—but an unfortunate incident paralyzed all his exertions. Just before the trial he had been seized by a violent cold in the head, and at every attempt which he now made to appeal to the feelings of the jury, he was interrupted by a fit of sneezing so utterly ludicrous that the crowd laughed outright, and even the better-bred portions of the audience hid their faces behind hats and fans. At last he sat down, overwhelmed with despair at the reflection that he had probably injured the accused more than he had benefited him; and the judge gravely summed up the evidence in the case. The jury then retired, and the audience awaited in deep suspense to hear their verdict.

The court-room now presented a singular appearance. Night had fallen, and lights were brought which only half illumined the great room. This pale light, casting long shadows on the black robe of the judge, and the white dresses of the ladies in the audience, made them resemble fantastic apparitions. Behind was seen a confused mass of heads pressed closely together; and among

these, by a strange accident, were seen the brilliantly-illuminated faces of Anselme Costerousse and his man Matteo Perondi.

Susanne remained pale, silent, and collected. A movement in the crowd brought M. d'Estézac near her, and he said, in a stern voice:

"If Jacques is condemned, I will never forgive you!"

She uttered only a vague sound. She was gazing at the faces of Costerousse and Perondi with such fixed attention that they saw the look and precipitately turned away.

In half an hour the jury reappeared—the foreman holding in his hands the verdict. As to the question whether the assassination was committed by Jacques Boucard, the jury said, "Yes," without a dissenting voice.

As to the question whether the crime was premeditated, "No," by a majority.

All was over, and the judge proceeded to pronounce the sentence of the law, hard labor in the galleys at Toulon, for life. As he did so, Susanne, who had mingled with the crowd, kept her eyes fixed upon Anselme Costerousse and Matteo Perondi. On the return of the jury she had seen them grow suddenly pale. When the verdict was read, a quick color had replaced the pallor in their cheeks, and, leaning upon each other, their eyes had flashed with savage joy. They now disappeared in the crowd, and were not again seen.

As Jacques was led away, his eyes met those of Susanne fixed upon him with greater tenderness and devotion than ever before; and he imagined that their expression was also one of mysterious encouragement. The crowd began to disperse, and M. d'Estézac had turned to go when Susanne touched him.

"Can I use your influence to see Jacques, for the last time, in prison?"

"I don't know—perhaps—" was the rough reply.

Susanne said no more. The trial was over.

Five or six days afterward M. d'Estézac sent word to Susanne that he had obtained permission for her to see Jacques in his cell, and would himself take her thither. Old André Gervaz offered no objection. He was quite crushed by the horrible fate of the man he had selected for Susanne, and began to fear that all these horrors would affect her reason, or even her life.

It was early in the morning when M. d'Estézac came in a small spring-wagon to take Susanne to the prison where Jacques was confined. The road ran up and down hill all the way. It was at the end of February now, but the snow still lay upon the ground, and a fresh wind rattled the white boughs of the shrubs, and murmured vaguely through the vales. Both were silent, and scarcely noticed the peasants who passed them, or the shepherds driving their sheep before them. When they reached the suburbs of the town, M. d'Estézac stopped at a small inn, with whose landlord he was acquainted, and, leaving the vehicle, proceeded with Susanne on foot to the prison—his object being to avoid any thing which would attract public attention to the young girl.

During their ride Susanne had been enveloped in a large mantle which nearly concealed her—he had now an opportunity of

scanning her appearance. She was in deep mourning. Her beauty had assumed a singular character, resembling those flitting lights seen sometimes in the dead of night. A mysterious expression of suffering due to her secret thoughts characterized her. Her companion looked at her with admiration mingled with a vague disquiet. All at once she stopped and said to him in a firm voice:

"The other day, at the trial, you thought I was cowardly—did you not? You expected more from me?"

"But—falsehood is wrong—and—perhaps you did well not to persist in it," he said, in some embarrassment.

"Falsehood! Oh, yes, that was it!" was her bitter reply. "You heard the law which the judge read aloud to me?"

"Yes, imprisonment, or even five years of hard labor, if you were convicted of perjury."

"And as Jacques would not confess—as he would not have it said that I was in his chamber at an hour when an honest girl—"

"You would not risk it?"

"I!" she cried, "not risk it? I would be prosecuted, condemned, and punished for the sake of Jacques! But who then would be free to act for him?"

"Free to act for him?"

The girl looked him straight in the face; her large black eyes flashed.

"Ah! you think perhaps that all is over for Jacques!—and God, what has become of him? We deserved to be punished. I disobeyed my father—I loved Jacques too much—I sacrificed my reputation to save him—I braved scandal—and he, too, was wrong. He hated Simon, and hate leads to acts of violence—to murder. We are humbled, broken, crushed—it is all right! But God is yonder," she said, pointing upward, "and I am here!"

She stamped her foot violently as she uttered these words. M. d'Estézac looked sadly at her, murmuring:

"Poor child! She is going crazy!"

But there was no madness in her expression, and he took her hand, saying as he did so:

"Come on! Jacques must see you and hear you. You will give him courage. A man need never despair as long as a woman loves him as you love him."

They hastened on and soon reached the prison, when Susanne was introduced into the cell occupied by the prisoner. M. d'Estézac, from sentiments of delicacy, did not follow her, and passed an hour in conversation with the keeper. At the end of that time the latter drew out his watch, and said that the rules did not permit a longer interview—it was even a kindness not to allow it to continue longer.

"Yes," said M. d'Estézac, "and we must return to-night."

He entered the cell and saw before him a touching spectacle. Jacques, pale and thin, was kneeling before Susanne, holding both her hands in his. His eyes streamed with tears, but a new hope was visible in them. The girl's expression was full of courage and hope.

"Farewell," she said to him; "the rest is my business.—I am ready, M. d'Estézac."

Their parting was a calm and silent one.

Soon afterward Susanne and her friend set out to return home. M. d'Estézac longed to speak to her, but she scarcely seemed aware of his presence. When he uttered some commonplace words she did not answer him. Wrapped in her mantle, with her head drooping upon her breast, and her eyes half closed, she remained motionless in the depths of the vehicle.

Night drew near when they were still at some distance from Villefort, and already a few stars began to twinkle in the frosty sky. At the point at which they had now reached they mounted a steep acclivity overhung by rocks which rose like the steps of an amphitheatre to the crests of the Margeride. M. d'Estézac halted to allow his horse to take breath.

As he did so, Susanne leaped out of the vehicle and ran toward the mountain.

"Where are you going?" he exclaimed, anxiously. "Come back and get in again! We have still a good way to go!"

She turned toward him, looked at him fixedly, and ran away with a sudden burst of laughter. In the twilight he could see in her face the indications of mental alienation.

"Susanne! Susanne!" he cried. "Oh! pray come back!"

She was already twenty paces distant from him, leaping from rock to rock.

"Susanne! you must not leave me thus! I promised your father to bring you back to-night!"

The only reply was to turn round and make him a low courtesy, singing as she did so, in a ringing voice, a well-known song of the Cevennes:

"Aquéles mountagnos què tan haofite sounn
M'empachon de veirè meis amourous sounn."

"These mountains where, above the gulf,
The eagle and the vulture hover—
I cannot see beyond the crest—
They will not let me see my lover!"

M. d'Estézac made a last appeal. Susanne had already disappeared in the clumps of junipers and oaks. The song came to him now like an echo or a murmur:

"This mourning-veil I drag along,
My days and nights it shadows over;
I cannot see beyond my pain—
It will not let me see my lover!"

"Ah, poor, poor child! I was afraid of this! I had something like a presentiment. It was more than her reason could bear. She has gone mad!"

And, far in the distance, from beyond the rocks and ferns, came, like the breath of the night-wind or the voice of some fairy, the last verse of the song:

"I hear the ocean in my dreams,
I hear the flowing of the river;
I cannot see beyond the strand—
They will not let me see my lover!"

* "Ces montagnes où sur l'abîme
On voit planer aigles et vautours,
De l'autre côté de leur cime
M'empêchent de voir mes amours."

"Ce voile de deuil que je traîne
À travers mes nuits et mes jours,
De l'autre côté de ma peine
M'empêche de voir mes amours."

"Cette mer où s'en vont mes rêves,
De nos fleuves suivant le cours,
De l'autre côté de ses grèves
M'empêche de voir mes amours!"

M. d'Estézac gave up in despair all further effort to induce the poor girl to come back, and returned with a heavy heart to the house of old André Gervaz, who, utterly overwhelmed by the intelligence, sank down in his chair, sobbing and exclaiming:

"What a wretched man I am! If I had only known—"

"Yes," replied D'Estézac, severely, "if you had only known, you might then have consented to Susanne's union with the man she loved. But this is no time to be moaning and crying. Your business now is to find her, and cure the poor child if you can!"

As he spoke, a chill wind made the windows rattle. The two men shuddered together at the thought that Susanne was wandering about at such an hour in the mountain—a poor, insane creature, without defense from danger and insult. Suddenly the church-clock struck ten.

"Where is she? What can I do?" stammered old Gervaz, who had completely lost his presence of mind.

"Go to Tacaret, the bailiff, next door, and tell him to get together three or four young fellows, with torches. I will go with them and guide them."

This dialogue had taken place in old André Gervaz's shop, opening on the street. All at once they thought they heard something like a murmur or a sigh. Then they distinguished on the pavement without a light step like the low sound made by a swarm of bees, and an almost inaudible tap on the door. Both hastened to it; the old man opened it. It was Susanne!

In a few hours her face had undergone a sorrowful change. She was as beautiful as ever, but her beauty had assumed a new character, which a poet might have preferred. The energetic expression of her countenance had given way to a sort of dreamy languor, which revealed permanent hallucination rather than real insanity. At rare intervals a sudden jet of flame was kindled in her large eyes, wavered, and was then extinguished, as if the soul had no longer any food with which to nourish itself. You would have said that she was a human being, wrenched out of real life, and plunged into a condition of magnetic abstraction, where a name, an image, a memory, a grief, absorbed the power of her mind, while all the rest was night.

She was cold. Drops of water ran from her cloak down her face, resembling tears. Her lips trembled, her teeth chattered, her cheeks were pale and her hands burning.

"My daughter! my child!" exclaimed old André, clasping her in his arms.

For an instant she seemed to return the embrace, but, suddenly repulsing her father, she said, in a short, broken voice:

"He! he! You are not he!"

"Susanne! Susanne!" cried M. d'Estézac, "do you not know me?"

She looked at them both, turning from one to the other as if she were attempting to recall some idea which had escaped her. Then she stretched out her arm toward the door, and said, with an effort:

"He is—down there—at Toulon!"

"André," said M. d'Estézac, "we must not prolong this sad scene. Try to make

your unhappy girl take a little repose. I must leave you for the moment; there is nothing I can do. But," he added, "remember, from this moment, Susanne must have as many friends and defenders as the neighborhood counts honest people!"

With these words M. d'Estézac took his departure, leaving old André Gervaz wringing his hands in despair. As he left the house, he heard Susanne once more begin to sing snatches of her singular song:

"These mountains—these mountains—they will not let me see my lover!"

"Susanne is insane!"

This intelligence produced deep emotion in the hearts of all; but it was soon ascertained that her insanity was mild and inoffensive; that there was no necessity whatever to place her in confinement. It is not uncommon to meet with these poor creatures in Languedoc, where they are called *fadettes*, *innocentes*, and *hantées*, the popular superstition maintaining that they are in communication with the invisible world of spirits. They pass for *voyantes*, and are believed to be able to cure diseases and foretell events. Susanne gained this reputation, and the tenderest sympathy was felt for her—a sympathy which even produced a reaction in favor of Jacques Boucard.

Spring came at last, and the fields were full of flowers. These became Susanne's passion, and she was often seen wandering in the ferns of Chadelbos, stooping and gathering them. Her face was sweet and sad; her eyes alone contradicted the smile upon her lips. Her insanity only displayed itself in the unmeaning replies she made when any question was asked her. She seemed to live in an invisible world, and to be unable to return from it without leaving behind her reason. The peasants rarely spoke to her, but they worked better, they said, when she was near them, gathering her flowers, and singing her melancholy songs. She brought them good luck, they declared. One sultry day a dozen young men and girls were busy turning over the hay in a field near Fontanes.

"Look! there is Susanne," said one, as she made her appearance; and the laughter suddenly ceased.

"Poor Susanne!" said another; "she does not see us. Her body is here, but her soul is with Jacques!"

Susanne wandered on, looking straight before her, and only stopping to gather some bit of marjoram or gentian. When she was near them, they tried to attract her attention; but, without replying, she pointed with her finger to a minute black spot in the sky above the summit of the Margeride. The laborers understood that she meant to warn them of an approaching storm; and, although the day seemed perfectly clear, and the sweat streamed from their foreheads, they hastened to load the hay on the wagons and get it under shelter. As the wagons reached the barn, a hail-storm burst upon them with such fury that the old farmer exclaimed, "But for Susanne, half my hay would have been ruined, and my cattle would have starved!"

At another time a young fellow named Pierre Vialat made a deep gash in his leg

with his scythe. The blood gushed, and his friends uttered despairing cries, when Susanne suddenly appeared on the scene. She hastened to a little stream near by, gathered three or four different sorts of herbs and flowers, pressed the juice from them on a scrap of linen, which she moistened with cold water, and applied the linen to the cut of the scythe. While she was leaning over him the poor young fellow said:

"Susanne, say a little bit of a prayer for me, and I will be cured!"

She did not seem to understand, but her eyes were raised for an instant toward heaven. Pierre at once grew calm, and a few days afterward he was well.

From that moment Susanne's popularity passed all bounds. The peasants contended who should point out to her or bring her the finest flowers, and it was soon ascertained that she gathered them to sell. The popular explanation of this was that she still remembered Jacques, and aimed at earning thus a little money to send him at the galleys. But time passed, and she sent nothing—the gossiping old post-mistress said she had never written. Then they fell back on the theory that, like a child, she made a plaything of her money—poor, insane creature!

It was even ascertained that her habits were perfectly regular; every Saturday she passed the whole day in the fields gathering her flowers; and a *fleuriste* by profession could not have selected them with greater skill. She knew where the finest myrtles and ivies grew, and was often seen leaping from rock to rock like a fawn to gather some spray of wall-flower or *digitalis*. As she ran thus along some narrow ledge over a deep ravine, she seemed suspended in air, and supported by some invisible power. It gave people below her the vertigo to look at her.

"Ah! look!" one would cry; "if she was in her right mind she would be dashed to pieces!"

"Don't be afraid! the *spirits* watch over her!" would be the reply.

With the flowers thus collected, Susanne formed rustic bouquets, which on Sundays she took to the houses in the neighborhood in a little basket to sell. When she had gathered some rare and splendid specimens from the slopes of the Cevennes, she went as far as Mende to dispose of them. The most elegant ladies would purchase her bouquets, but never could induce her to speak. One day they determined to ascertain the extent of her malady, and discover whether she retained her old likes and dislikes. M. Favernay, the public prosecutor, who had been the main agent in procuring the condemnation of Jacques, was expected; he had grown very unpopular for some reason, was about to remove to the city of Rouen, and his visit was to present his adieux. M. Favernay entered the *salon*—Susanne was standing in the centre of the apartment with her basket of flowers in her hand. As the new-comer approached, she fixed her large black eyes on him, and did not seem to recognize him in the least. A decisive test was then applied. One of the ladies detached a spray of *digitalis* from her bouquet, and, pointing toward M. Favernay, said to Susanne:

"My child, go and place this flower, with your own pretty hands, in that gentleman's button-hole."

Susanne looked at the speaker with an innocent and inquiring expression, but at once took the spray of *digitalis*, and, going to M. Favernay, calmly attached it to his black coat, without the least exhibition of emotion, though he himself was as pale as a ghost.

"There is no longer any doubt!" the ladies murmured; "her reason has left her, and she will never be cured!"

Susanne made a courtesy and left the room, singing as she went down the staircase one of her favorite songs—"O Magali! O Magali!"—and soon afterward it was known everywhere that she had given a final proof of entire alienation of mind. A vague impression had in some manner gotten abroad that Jacques Boucard was not the real murderer of Simon Vernon; and, even if he were guilty, his excellent conduct, it was said, at the galleys, recommended him to pardon. A petition was accordingly drawn up, and signed by persons of all classes; and this petition was brought one day for the signature of a gentleman in whose drawing-room Susanne chanced to be, disposing of her flowers. He read it aloud, and was about to affix his name to it, when Susanne, snatching it from his hand, tore it to pieces, exclaiming violently: "No! I will not have it!—I will not have it!"

After this the most skeptical ceased to doubt her condition; and she was permitted to resume her rambles in the fields without any further attempt to ascertain her state of mind.

One day she was wandering between the Priest's Inclosure and Jacques Boucard's house, when a violent storm burst forth, and she took shelter under a tree. As she did so, she saw Matteo Perondi, Costerousse's man, running toward the farm-house, and at the same moment he caught sight of Susanne. He stopped and came to her side. His lips, writhed into a smile, showed his sharp, white teeth, and his eyes were fixed intently on the girl, who remained cold and silent. The storm had now redoubled its fury, and Perondi proposed that she should take shelter in the farm-house, to which she consented. He gallantly took off a sort of overall which he wore, threw it on her shoulders, and they hastened in the direction of the farm-house, which they soon reached. Perondi quickly made a fire of pine-knots in the great kitchen, brought a stool, which he placed near the blaze, and made a sign to Susanne to take her seat. His attentions did not cease even then. He went to a press in the corner of the kitchen, took out a bottle and a glass, and poured into it two fingers of wine for Susanne, which she drank without ceremony. All this time she was looking with her black eyes, whose expression was singular, at the mean apartment with its poor furniture, indicating the poverty of its occupants.

At this moment Costerousse entered the room. He too had been surprised in the fields by the storm, and, as he came in, the first thing he saw was the erect figure of Su-

sanne—for she had risen—brilliant in the tawny light of the fire. The effect was terrible. He had so little expected to see Susanne Gervaz in his house, beside his fire, that he could not conceal his agitation. Struck by stupor and fright, he remained motionless on the threshold of the room, looking from one to the other—from the girl to Perondi. But he soon recovered himself. His violent and ferocious nature resumed its sway. Furious against both, and against himself as well for having betrayed such agitation, he approached the girl with his fist clinched, and said to her with a mixture of fear and menace:

"What do you want? What are you doing here?"

She made no reply, continuing to look him firmly in the face.

Perondi seemed to have expected this outburst of anger. He advanced quickly between Costerousse and the girl, and, folding his arms in an attitude of defiance, said in an insolent tone:

"Well—what if she is here? I met this young girl in the open field when the storm burst. Was I to leave her exposed to the rain? I brought her here—I built this fire to warm her. What have you to say about it?"

The words, voice, and gestures of the man produced an immediate effect on Costerousse. He suppressed his anger, and muttered in the hoarse tone of a growling dog, soothed or whipped by his master:

"Oh! that's a different matter!—I did not know—you were right."

Perondi leaned over toward Costerousse and whispered to him.

"Besides," he said, "you know she is out of her head."

By this time the rain had ceased, and the storm had passed by. Susanne rose from her stool, made a movement with her hand in the direction of Matteo Perondi, as though to thank him, stammered a few unintelligible words to Costerousse, and turning again toward the two men, with a stupid smile on her lips, left the farm-house.

Thus began the relations between Susanne and the Piedmontese, Perondi. A few days afterward she made her reappearance in the vicinity of the mean farm-house, as if the spot had an inexplicable attraction for her. She scanned with the minute attention of a real-estate assessor, or a landscape-painter, all the surroundings of this wretched house, which no rational individual would have cared to see a second time. She looked carefully at the tumbling fences, the stile, and the clump of bushes growing close up to the miserable kitchen, and the two mean chambers occupied by Perondi and Costerousse. One day she might have been seen concealing herself, with the eccentric caprice of an insane person, in these bushes, during the absence of the two men in the fields.

These visits to the vicinity led to a result which might have been foreseen. She frequently met Perondi, and although she would have nothing to say to Costerousse, she did not shun the Piedmontese. He presented her with flowers, betrayed unmistakable emo-

tion at sight of her, and soon conceived a violent passion for her. One day he saw her passing, in the absence of his master, and called her to come in as he had something to say to her. Looking him straight in the face, with a loud laugh she said:

"No! no! your wine is too sour, your house is too mean, and you are too dirty!"

A flush of anger and shame came to the man's face.

"Is that it?" he exclaimed. "Well, in fifteen days I can have the house cleaned, and good clothes to wear, and good wine to drink!"

"I don't believe it!" she sneered.

"Ah! you don't believe it!" he replied, in a savage tone. "Do you think I cannot get all I want at the fair at Vigan, soon?"

Suddenly he bit his lip till the blood started.

"That is—I mean—I said the fair at Vigan, as I would have said the fair at Mende—or Alais—"

He looked keenly at Susanne, but her face was a perfect blank. As far as he could ascertain, her thoughts were a hundred miles off. He had walked on by her side during this conversation—his presence seemed neither agreeable nor disagreeable to her. His face indicated that his love had become the sole idea of his life. As to Susanne, she went along humming a song and arranging a bouquet.

As they reached a turn in the road a shepherd was heard calling to his sheep, and Perondi stopped. Susanne threw a daisy toward him, which he picked up and hurried off with; and the young girl continued her way.

Strange caprice of a disordered brain! Of all this interview which might have excited her fears or her disgust, Susanne Gervaz recalled only these insignificant words:

"The fair at Vigan!"

The little city of Vigan is situated on the river Hérane, in a lovely valley of the Cévennes, and resembles a bird half buried in a nest of verdure. A long street traverses it from east to west, and on the square at one end of this street you might see, during the annual fairs, the booths of the jugglers, and hear the deafening music of their bands.

Without the city, on the slope of the mountain, was a large green field, the scene of the cattle-market. If you raised your eyes here you might see descending, like the figures of an opera, the mountaineers of the neighboring parishes, with their wide-brimmed hats, their brown coats on their shoulders, their velvet pantaloon clinging close to the hip, their heavy shoes shod with iron, and their legs protected by large gaiters of yellow leather. They led horses that came along bounding under the halter, oxen with boughs of trees on their horns, and sheep decked with ribbons and cockades. The spectacle was worthy of the brush of Rosa Bonheur, and it was impossible not to be delighted with these local colors and rustic details.

The fairs of Vigan were famous for the fine horses exposed for sale at them, and the horse-dealers came thither from every quar-

ter—from the Alps to the Pyrenees, from the Rhone to the Garonne, from Spain even—to buy or sell.

Monsieur and Madame de Ribière determined to attend the fair this year, and learning that Susanne, who was a great favorite with them, had the fancy to see the sights, they took the girl with them, and all became the guests of an old relative universally known in the city as "Aunt Sophy."

Soon after their arrival, it was proposed that they should visit the horse-fair on the green field without the city, and they accordingly repaired thither—Susanne offering her arm as a support to Aunt Sophy. They reached the busy scene as the sun was setting, and Susanne and her companion soon became separated from the rest. All at once the young girl stopped, fixing her eyes upon two men who were standing in front of a horse and examining it. One of these men, the eldest of the two, wore the costume of the Spanish Catalans, the other the ordinary dress of the country.

As if yielding to a sudden caprice, Susanne asked Aunt Sophy if she was acquainted with these men; for the old lady had the reputation of knowing everybody.

"I do not know the younger of the two, my dear—the one wearing the dress of our peasants of the Cevennes; but I know the other one—everybody does. His name is Marianno Bedares, and he has attended our fairs regularly for the last fifteen years."

"And what is his business?"

"You may see, my dear—he is a horse-trader. Besides this he is a sort of peddler, he sells images of the saints, amber bracelets, and other articles, and takes back to Spain where he lives our silks, and so on. It is even said that he lends money, or exchanges one sort for another—"

"And where is he lodging?"

"On Main Street, at the White-Horse Tavern," said the old lady, a little surprised at the question.

They then walked on beneath the great chestnut-trees, passing near the two men, who were evidently bargaining for the horse.

"Well, agreed," said the younger, in the peasant's dress; "but you are asking a horrible price!"

"A horrible price? My very best horse!" exclaimed the Spaniard. "Meet me here next year, my friend, and just tell me what you think then."

"Well, all right; to-morrow morning I'll pay you and take the horse away; I must get back to the farm."

Susanne hurried Aunt Sophy away, and they soon left the ground. On the next day the young girl made some excuse for going out, and, leaving the house about noon, went straight to the White-Horse Tavern. Marianno Bedares, the horse-trader, was standing at the door, smoking. He was apparently about sixty, but carried his age well, like all men who lead a life in the open air. Seeing that Susanne wished to speak to him, he came forward and said, gallantly, with his strong Catalan accent:

"Well, my beautiful child, you wish to see me, I think. What can I do to serve you?"

"You can buy my ebony-work," said Susanne, exhibiting some little trinkets which Jacques had carved for her in former times, and presented to her as keepsakes.

The old dealer examined the articles with the wary air of one called on to make a purchase.

"Well, well," he said; "to please you—I shall lose money on these trifles, my dear—I'll give you twenty-five francs for the lot."

"Which will just make up the sum of two hundred francs with what I have already," said the girl.

As she spoke, she drew from her pocket and exhibited to the old horse-trader a large *rouleau* of silver coins, which, at her request, he counted and found accurate, without understanding in the least what she meant.

"They tell me you exchange different sorts of money," she said. "Will you give me the value of these two hundred francs in Spanish money?"

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Ah! and why such a singular fancy?"

"It is not mine. I am acting for a little girl whose father gives her her Christmas-gifts every year in money of different countries. She saw you yesterday, and said: 'There is Marianno Bedares—if I can get from him a quadruple and some piasters, they will complete my collection of coins.'"

"Well, you come just in time," said the old Catalan. "I have sold a horse this morning to one of your mountain-people who served in Spain. He told me some story or other, and paid me in Spanish gold, taking his change in silver of France. You see, my pretty child, I am able to oblige you."

He went and opened a drawer in his room and took out a wooden bowl full of quadruples, doubloons, pistoles, and piasters, which fairly glittered. For her two hundred francs he gave Susanne four piasters, two doubloons, and a quadruple; and, as he gallantly refused to charge her any exchange, she bought a scarf and two chaplets of him.

On her return, she presented the scarf to Madame de Ribière and the chaplets to Aunt Sophy.

"Poor Susanne!" said the former; "this is what she lays up money for by selling her flowers."

On their return from Vigan, Madame de Ribière said to Susanne:

"My dear child, you are never in a better place than at home or in my house. When you wish to leave your father, come here."

Susanne seemed to recognize the good sense of this advice, and rarely left home. When she did so, it was to pay a visit to old Master Berard, the notary of the town, who lived next to her father. Madame Berard was exceedingly fond of flowers, and Susanne, who brought her beautiful bouquets, went in and out without being noticed. The old notary himself was extremely pleased with her. He loved to see, beneath his spectacles, as he folded up his dusty documents, this young girl whose birth he had been present at, and whom he loved with all his heart.

One day Master Berard met her on the stairs, and said to her:

"My poor child, can you take a message

to your father? Tell him that the debtor whose note he would not consent to renew is ready to pay every thing. Can you remember these words? Do you understand what I say?"

Susanne did not seem to comprehend. She was in one of her fits of absence. Her fine eyes, wandering in space, betrayed her dreamy condition.

"Well, well, I forgot that a verbal message was too much for you, and would never be delivered," said the old notary. "Wait a moment."

He tore a sheet from his note-book, drew out a pencil, and wrote:

"A. C., the debtor, whose note we would not renew, says he is ready to pay both principal and interest when his note falls due, on the 4th of October."

Susanne took the paper; and, when she gained the street, read the few lines written upon it with capricious interest. The initials "A. C." evidently struck her; but she folded the paper again, and delivered it to her father, who was plainly both surprised and gratified at reading its contents.

"Heaven be praised!" he muttered, rubbing his hands. "This unlucky three hundred francs will not give me any more trouble. I intended to sue on the note, but the money is better."

André Gervaz went to the old wardrobe where he kept his ledgers, under his linen and Sunday clothes. He drew out a dirty little note-book, undid the cord around it, and sat down at his table, Susanne leaning on his shoulder as he did so. She saw him make a cross mark opposite an entry in the following words:

"Anselme Costerousse—three hundred francs borrowed October 4, 1821—interest from 1824.—Bad debt—don't renew."

The day after this scene was the 4th of October, 1826. Susanne rose with the sun; and, gathering some late flowers in a field near by, made a bouquet, and took it, about eight, to Madame Berard—the old notary did not begin business until nine. Having entered the house, she stopped in the passage-way leading from the kitchen to the staircase—Master Berard's office was on her left, and the reception-room was next to it, separated from it by glass doors, with a green curtain. Just as nine o'clock was sounding, Susanne saw Anselme Costerousse come in and enter the notary's office, and she immediately glided into the darkened saloon, where she could see and hear through the glass door all that was said.

Master Berard was seated at his table, with his back turned to Costerousse, who faced the glass door.

"Come, come, that is well, Costerousse," said the notary. "I see you are punctual. You have brought the money?"

"Here it is," said Costerousse, moodily.

As he spoke, the man placed upon the table three piles of coin, containing one hundred francs each, and then thirty francs for the interest.

"The amount is correct," said Master Berard, after counting the coins. "I will return you your note."

Although the money had been furnished

by old André Gervaz, he had chosen to conceal the fact, and the affair had been arranged in the ordinary form: "On the 4th of October, 1822, pay to the order of — the sum of three hundred and fifteen francs—value received." Thus, Costerousse had always supposed that Master Berard was his creditor. When Master Berard now returned his note, and said, "Neighbor André Gervaz will be glad enough to get this money," Costerousse cried:

"André Gervaz!—was André Gervaz my creditor?"

Susanne saw the start which accompanied the words, the sudden pallor of the man's visage, and the livid flash of his eye. The notary, even, observed these evidences of agitation, and said:

"What does it matter? There is your note. Ah! you are glad to get out of old André's claws?"

"Yes," said Costerousse, hoarsely.

"You see," said the old notary, "a note like this—the interest, the cost of renewing, all that—is death to a farmer. When I was clerk to old Monsieur Rancureau—as far back as 1797—I remember his telling me a case in point. There was a farmer in the neighborhood whose crop failed, and he borrowed two hundred francs. It was not much, but when his note fell due he was unable to pay. It ran on, and a few years afterward amounted to eight hundred, then to a thousand francs. He fell into the hands of money-lenders, his debt was trebled, he was worried to death by his creditors, and so what does he do? He joins a band of highway-men, is arrested, tried, found guilty, and executed as a murderer."

Costerousse turned as pale as death, and his lips trembled convulsively, but his punishment was not over.

"But I only speak of what happens to farmers in bad years," said the notary; "still, this is one of them.—By-the-by, my friend, how do you get hold of any money? My tenant cannot pay his rent, and your landlord told me, the other day, you were largely in arrears."

"I had on hand my grain of the three last years," stammered Costerousse. "I could not make up my mind to sell at the low price. The market went up lately, and I sold—that's why I can pay my note."

"So much the better, my good man," said Master Berard, tired of the interview; "it's not my business."

A moment afterward Costerousse left the room, and the notary made this entry in his ledger: "Anselme Costerousse paid his note this 4th of October, 1826."

While he was making this entry, Susanne regained the kitchen, passed through a side-door opening on the street, and returned home.

After these scenes, Susanne's wanderings became more regular than before, and no day passed without a shepherd, a wood-cutter, or a hunter, meeting her in the fields. There seemed to be some mysterious attraction for her in the farm-house of Anselme Costerousse. She kept circling round it, but always came back to it, as the needle, after all its oscillations, ends by pointing to the pole.

The result of this proceeding on the young girl's part was an immense amount of scandal. How!—she could ramble around the "Priest's Inclosure," while they shuddered to approach it; she could walk calmly past the house of Jacques Boucard without turning her head; she even did not repulse the evident addresses of Matteo Perondi, the Piedmontese. The dissatisfaction was universal, and one day her admirer, Pierre Violat, whom she had cured when he cut himself with the scythe, said to her:

"Take care, Susanne. If this beggar of an Italian worries you, there'll be a misfortune in the commune."

"I forbid you to touch him!" said Susanne, imperiously.

This increased Pierre's indignation, and what excited new comment was the change in Perondi's appearance. During the absence of Susanne at the fair of Vigan he had replaced his clodhopper shoes with yellow boots, donned a blue coat and red cravat, bought a chain and two rings, and was a new person altogether. His thin face and feverish glance were alone unaltered. He strutted before her, played the beau, and paid her compliments; it was a savage clad in the dress of a man of Europe. He was plainly desperately enamored of her, and often begged for a private opportunity to press his suit.

"No, no!" she said; "Costerousse frightens me; he would beat me, perhaps."

"Costerousse!" exclaimed Perondi, with a harsh laugh; "I would like to see him! Let him say a single word! let him raise his finger! I—I can—but I did not mean that. What I mean is, that I wish to talk with you without being spied by these peasants, who all hate me. Ah, if you would only understand me! I have so many things on my heart, they suffocate me! In my country it is not cold and sad as it is here, and love is the main thing—the whole of life! I will die if you do not have pity on me! This Costerousse hates me and I hate him. I am going to leave him—"

Susanne started, and for the first time seemed affected by the speaker's words.

"Yes, my time is out in a few days—on the 11th of November. I have worked for him for four years, and am going to have a settlement. Then I leave him."

"You will leave him?"

"Yes, this country is hateful to me. My country is a hundred times finer, and I'll have money to enjoy it. I will settle down and live quietly, honestly, Susanne."

"Well?"

"I have had a dream. You are not twenty yet; you are beautiful. Do you mean to wander about in this way forever, thinking of past times? It is this that troubles your reason; you can't take a step or look at a bush without seeing—I see it myself sometimes."

His eyes wandered and his voice died away.

"What?" said Susanne, in a low voice.

"Nothing," was the guarded reply. He added: "Only follow me, Susanne—go with me. Near Servenola, where I was born, there is a pretty little home I wanted to buy before I came to France; it is at the end of the vale

of Costa; you do not know how blue the sky is there, how warm the sun is, and how the branches of the trees wave there—not like these vile mountains. Say you will come with me, Susanne, and be my wife. I will buy the pretty house, a cow, and two acres of ground."

"With your wages?" said Susanne.

He could not suppress a start, and looked at the girl as though to assure himself what her meaning had been in uttering these words. But her expression was perfectly careless.

"Yes, with my wages for the four years. Then I have something at home—an old uncle of mine has just left me some money; and you can live there on next to nothing. The house, and cow, and land, will not cost more than twelve hundred francs—come, Susanne; I will marry you, and you will begin a new life."

They had come to a turn in the path. Before them stood Costerousse with a rake on his shoulder. A single glance evidently showed him Perondi's passion, and he became furious. Scowling brutally at Susanne, he exclaimed, violently:

"You again, miserable creature—again in my way! If Perondi is bewitched by you, I am not!"

And, grasping his rake in both hands, he rushed upon Susanne. She did not move an inch. Her haughty face remained calm, and she looked him in the eyes with perfect contempt; but Perondi, drawing a knife, leaped on Costerousse and struck at him, just grazing his arm. The farmer dropped his rake and grew pale. Perondi put up his knife.

"I'm a fool," he said; "it takes less than that to frighten you! You know well that I ordered you not to insult this girl or touch a hair of her head, or I would—come here, I want to speak to you."

They went off together, exchanging angry words, and Susanne continued her way homeward.

CONVULSIVE RELIGION.

II.

SOME physicians have affirmed that no cholera or yellow-fever epidemic has produced so much injury as the convulsive religion called "Millerism," which went over the country some time ago. The delusion was accompanied and followed by insanity, suicide, and many species of folly. After the excitement had passed away, many who had been in the midst of it found to their cost that they had contracted nervous maladies, from which death only could free them, and many of them of a character that were transmitted to offspring. Yet the promoters of the doctrine of "Millerism" were well-meaning people for the most part, who in the conduct of their secular lives were not unreasonable. When attacked by this moral epidemic, they apparently could not talk about it as they did upon any other subject. They were, in a word, monomaniacs. If the notions and predictions of Miller had been published, and not preached to throngs of excited people stimulating each other, they would prob-

bly have fallen upon unheeding ears. As it was, they sowed the seed of madness, disease, and death.

Some preachers, particularly those who have studied medicine before taking holy orders, recognize the connection between morbid physical and religious phenomena. Bishop Beveridge says that "atheistic thoughts spring up in the fountain of the soul *only* when muddled with fleshly pleasures," and Dr. Barrow remarks that "credulity may spring from an airy complexion; suspiciousness hath its *birth* from an earthly temper of the body." The soul and the body are so intimately united that one is always more or less under the influence of the other. If the body be subject to hypochondriac tempers, the mind is affected thereby, and this furnishes that melancholic nature invested with a certain power of the spirit. This nature sometimes believes itself endowed with the gift of prophecy. The noted Dr. Zimmermann was a man of this temperament, a Christian, and possessed of remarkable penetration. He believed he was a prophet, which, added to the unhealthy condition of his body, had the effect of deepening his melancholy. Although a seer himself, he contended against a sect of the Illuminés, who saw farther than he, and endeavored to inaugurate such a social revolution in Switzerland as has been planted in America by some visionary sects. His peculiar organization saddled on his brain an idea which never left it until death, which was that the Illuminés were constantly endeavoring to take his life. In a word, he became a monomaniac. His case is a striking illustration of the way in which the abnormal condition of the body affects a most intelligent and cultivated mind. As a venerable archbishop said, "Two things are necessary to be done for the cure or removal of religious melancholy, namely, that the persons afflicted with it do take care of their bodies; that they be put into a better state of health and vigor, and freed from all hypochondriac fumes that do oppress them." This ecclesiastic thought the advice of a physician was more important in the treatment of such people than that of the divine, and that, when the bodily indisposition was removed, most of the frights and disturbances about religion would disappear with it. The same authority advised, as a cure for sin, physic, cleanliness, exercise, and good nourishment, as the preliminary steps.

Revivals get into the channel of the supernatural, or run closely alongside of it. If miracles are not performed, events of a wonderful character take place. Not long ago I heard a man tell his "experience," who had seen a big black dog jump out of the ground, and he knew it was the devil who came to tempt him. This was received with a groan of sympathy by the brethren who listened. The man conducted his secular business with ordinary sagacity, and it is improbable that he would have ever offered such a statement in a court of justice, but he was possessed of a mania on the subject of the devil, and, according to his own account, not a day passed that he did not wrestle with him. When he found himself in the midst of a sympathetic element, he gave free rein to his

accounts of the battles with his own particular enemy. He had probably read or heard of Luther's strivings with the same antagonist, and unconsciously imitated him.

The burden of the revivalist's lament has always been the same, and self-suffering is the key-note of it. Although self-torture is much modified to what it was in other times, the man is still held to strike his breast in agony and roll his head in sackcloth and ashes—to avoid the flowers and the sunshine, the good cheer and healthy laughter, the fascination of art in music, dancing, painting, and the drama. The earth is only a vale of tears through which he walks on probation to reach heaven. There is nothing good in it; every thing is of the ashy hue of death. Thus a bountiful Creator has blessed this seeker of suffering with the instincts of appreciation, and made a dwelling for him full of beauty, from which he turns away. He prefers the thorn to the rose. His great Host offers him a banquet, of which he refuses to partake. His Maker has given him an eye, a palate, an ear, and a heart, in vain. The condition of such a one is abnormal, and he is much more in need of prayer than those for whom he prays.

The man who is systematically miserable does not confine his misery to himself. He has a mission to change cheerful people into sorry ones like himself, and in this way becomes a meddler. This act of interference at the outset is full of presumption, for it is based upon the idea that he knows more about the Bible and religion than he whom he addresses. His religion is the only true one, it contains all the excellences, and he as one of its chief members is endowed with them, which makes of him a person especially enlightened. All other religions are wrong and most of them wicked. He does not hesitate to pray for the conversion of a Greek, an Armenian, and a Roman Catholic, without knowing what they believe. A man of this type was sent to convert the orthodox Greeks, but found when he encountered them that he was only a tyro in theology compared to them. He shouted to them, after the revivalistic method, that they were hardened sinners, out of the way of the Lord. They requested him to stop calling names, and reason; when he attempted to do this, he was obliged to give up the field.

The miserable acts by system on the egotistical assumption that he knows better than his neighbors where to draw the line between sin and godliness. He sees sin lurking in places where another would not think of looking for it. He is a persistent hunter thereof, and if he does not find it is disappointed. He seeks for it in harmless amusements and in natural actions. To handle a cue is to hold the devil by the tail, to dance a quadrille is to invite him to one's embrace.

Extraordinary importance is attached to trifles. One man believes the road to heaven lies in eating fish on Friday and abstaining from any other kind of meat; another believes that to cook meat on Sunday is to follow the path of perdition. One thinks that recreation on Sunday is enjoined and permitted by the Bible; another thinks that it is forbidden, and that the practice endangers

the safety of the soul. One sees no harm in dancing on the seventh day, after the performance of spiritual duties; another sees in it the dance of sin and death. One believes that it is wholesome to occupy the mind, even on Sunday, with singing and playing; another believes that a secular song sung on that day is the requiem of a lost soul. From a religious point of view, one man's milk is another man's poison. The man of the West eats pork with the consciousness of performing an ordinary and sinless act of life, and the man of the Orient turns away from it, seeing sin in its fibre and its nourishment. One drinks a glass of wine as he would eat a piece of bread; another looks upon it as poison. When the American and English missionaries appeared in Palestine, the English told the Arab that the Book of Common Prayer would show him the road to heaven, and the Americans that the true sign-board for that destination was Watts's version of the Psalms—which would have bewildered a wiser head than that of the simple Arab.

Blasphemy in one country is sometimes piety in another. The Christian of Europe takes off his hat when he enters the house of worship; not to do so would be regarded by him as sacrilegious. The Mohammedan removes his shoes when he enters his mosque and keeps on his turban; to fail in either respect would also be for him a sacrilege. There are members of religious sects who stand erect when they pray; to the Mohammedans this would be impiety. Thus, piety and sacrilege are to some extent matters of climate and custom.

The extremists in religion always attach much importance to supernatural influences, and their most common mode of communicating with the Almighty is through visions. They are of capricious moods, rising to great heights of enthusiasm and sinking to the depths of despair. Sometimes they sit at the foot of the throne, at others they are at the gates of hell. In their happy moments they pour out their praises as if they were angels in heaven; in their unhappy ones they often cross the line which separates reason from insanity.

These fanatics are generally in especial favor with the Deity, being employed as agents to carry out the divine will. Of such were John Kelsey, who went to Constantinople to convert the sultan, and ended in a lunatic asylum; John Mason, minister of Water-Stratford, who was possessed of the idea that he was the Elias appointed to proclaim the approach of Christ. Brigham Young told Hepworth Dixon that when he went in search of a new home for his people he saw, "in a vision of the night, an angel standing on a conical hill, pointing to a spot of ground on which the temple was to be built." On reaching the neighborhood of Salt Lake he sought for the cone and naturally found it, with a clear, flowing stream at the foot of it.

According to Elder Knapp's own account he was in close and constant relations with the Almighty through dreams, signs, and visions. Whenever his life was threatened, he was saved in a miraculous way through heavenly influences. Whenever he met with op-

position, it came from the devil. Wherever he worked was the Lord's vineyard, and whoever opposed him was in the service of the evil one. He was a special interpreter of the divine will, and he told men when they were righteous and the contrary, and judged them accordingly. He called down the divine wrath on those who interfered with his revival work. One night where he was preaching two young men mounted the belfry and took out the clapper of the bell, when he predicted that those who thus attempted to silence the voice of God would end in hell. In his autobiography, he records, with a certain grim satisfaction, that, in "less than a year afterward, they both died, and without hope." On another occasion an infidel went out of his church while the elder was preaching, saying that he would take his wife with him. On reaching home he was taken suddenly ill, and on the second day after he died. Thus, to a certain extent, Elder Knapp was charged by Providence with the punishment of evil-doers on earth.

At one of Knapp's meetings there was a man playing the bass-viol, who, after the meeting was over, was to play the violin at a ball in the neighborhood, which the preacher thought was sinful, and he prayed that "the right arm of the fiddler might be palsied, and that the music might sound like the shrieks and groans of the damned in the vaults of hell." In effect, when the violinist began to play at the ball he "was seized with a tremor, and his arm fell palsied by his side." The ball was broken up, the musician walked over to the building where the revival was going on, and was converted on the spot.

On another occasion, while the elder was preaching, a wicked man drew a caricature of the preacher on the back of a pew, but before he had finished it his hand dropped, seized with palsy.

As the elder was passing through the street, he reproved a rum-seller, who afterward collected some companions and started to the elder's church for the purpose of breaking up the meeting. On his way thither he was taken sick, lingered a short time, and died on the day appointed for his wedding. Thus, Providence made the way clear for the labors of his servant by visiting his antagonists with death.

The revivalist's mode of bringing people within the pale of Christianity is objectionable to some people—based principally on the parade and notoriety involved in the proceeding. They think that this public exhibition of private woe is to some extent made through vanity, of which proof is furnished in relating "experiences," where each narrator endeavors to surpass his neighbor in the account of his former wickedness, and in the marvelousness or peculiarity of his conversion. They believe that a supernatural current is given to these narrations, which is apt to lead to superstition and bigotry. To reflecting, self-respecting men, there is a point beyond which their sense of manhood will not permit them to go. To modest women there must be a limit in the parade of individual grief. To both, the fittest place to prostrate themselves before their Maker and

ask forgiveness of sins is in the silence and privacy of their own closet.

The auctioneer-like appeal for "a lost soul weighed down with sin and shame," is an extravagant way of describing an honest, cleanly man, at peace with his neighbors, who remains indifferent to Christianity, and so it appears to him, making him reluctant to accept such description as fitting. To convince such a man of error, he must be reasoned with in a friendly, private way. Singing and shouting at him in public rather repel him than draw him into the fold.

The number is great, however, which appears to favor this method of conversion. It satisfies that hunger for notoriety which is one of the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race. It gives opportunities for individual action, which is another of the pressing needs of the same race. It affords excitement and declamation, and its agents move and live in the light of publicity. This is the dark side of the picture, for those who make revivals and assist in them generally do so from conviction. Their sincerity cannot be doubted, but as much can hardly be said of their Christianity. Strange acts have been committed ever since the world began in the name of the Creator, and from undoubted conviction.

Turbulent, agitating, and agitated Christians in later years have hardly inspired trust, or respect, in the field of politics at least, for those who have professed their Christianity most loudly have been generally found to be the least trustworthy. In the cases of congressional and State jobbery and corruption which have within the last few years come to light, it seems that those most given to praying were most given to stealing. The names of the prayerful statesmen will probably occur to all who are familiar with the late political history of the country. In the midst of their misdoings, they stood before the public with one hand on the Bible, while the other was in the public purse. They were constantly invoking the divine blessing. They preached the conversion of the red man, and kept his blankets; they preached the amelioration of the black man, and defrauded him of his savings. The name of their Master was always on their lips, and speculation in their hearts. They were class-leaders and stimulators of revivals. They told the little boys in the Sunday-school how to become good and great. Happily, some of the Tartuffes were unmasked, but not all.

Those who were disrobed of the livery of heaven, under which they more surely accomplished their purposes, suffered in themselves; but what they suffered was trifling compared to what true religion suffered. There was a reaction against Christianity, as exhibited by the press throughout the country. Some journals, in the light of the exposures, boldly expressed a preference for what they called "broad-backed men of sin" for the places of trust and honor in the leadership of States and the nation.

The period between 1850 and 1857 was one of unusual prosperity throughout the Union in business and of lethargy in religion. The commercial panic of 1857 was severe, and on its heels followed the revival of

1857-'58. The people, during the time of their material welfare, remained indifferent to spiritual needs, but, when misfortune visited them, they filled the churches to overflowing, and opened houses for day-prayer in the business quarters of some of the principal cities. As usual in such movements, some of the places of amusement were used for this purpose, with a view of attacking Satan in what were believed to be his strongholds, as well as of producing a dramatic effect.

The circumstances are now similar to what they were during that period, and it is possible that the revival inaugurated by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Brooklyn may become as national in its character as that of 1857. After the close of the war there was a long season of material prosperity, marked by indifference to the demands of religion, and a general tendency to depend upon science only for the solution of all spiritual questions. This was followed by depression in business, and a reaction has already set in against relying upon science for light and aid. Thus, as will be observed, the general condition is identical with that which existed in 1857.

It is but just to say that the movement of which Messrs. Moody and Sankey are at the head, differs from any former revival in America. This, at least so far, is not a revival in the ordinary sense of the word. Mr. Moody pleads his cause with much earnestness, but remains in full possession of himself. There is not much denunciation, nor description of future punishment. The subject of conversion is treated to some extent as a matter of business, wherein the advantages and disadvantages of compliance and non-compliance are dwelt upon with great earnestness. The exhorter has even shown a disposition to keep the manifestations of demonstrative listeners within the bounds of propriety and decorum, and as long as he conducts the revival in this way the evils which have accompanied and followed previous revivals will be avoided and much good may be done. He has exhibited, too, a certain breadth in his creed, for, when called on to pray for the conversion of some designated Roman Catholics, he refused, averring that the members of the Roman Catholic Church were as good Christians as those of any other church.

ALBERT RHODES.

THE PERUVIAN AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL OF TRAVEL.

VI.

July 1st.—At eight A. M. we got up anchor, entered the Ucayali, and bade farewell to the Pachitea and to the Cashibos. Ten minutes after starting, a dense fog came on very suddenly, and both vessels had to anchor; but at ten A. M. we made another start, and ran until six P. M. We passed many Conibo canoes going to the place of rendezvous at the mouth of the Pachitea.

Sara yesterday the village der-story and, al companion country wet. F sobriety work p young J on board killed to our high miscella be recap he show a good July the dila hours st which so part of fectly w pink, as found or Noth our down isfactory safety, c Yqui month a turn from tions fo base of most imp of the v probably year 186 mined to tion of t the few selves al define th ments of jealous. steamers chine-sho chanics. naval an coast, an dians of things w interior; gathered zilian, an adventur time, was village o tants, and to "Pok incipien gent of t pay gove expenses Lima to t ly install es of the on it, oth ed, so th ceased fo gent, the venturers village al

Sara-yacu, July 9th.—Stopped at this place yesterday for wood, and I went up to the little village. I was caught in the worst thunder-storm I have ever seen in South America; and, although our Indian supplied my companion and myself with an umbrella of the country (palm-thatch), we got thoroughly wet. Found the place not at all improved in sobriety. Here we obtained some feather-work peculiar to the locality, and also a young jaguar. We had hardly gotten him on board the vessel when he broke away and killed two chickens and a turkey, and chased our highly-prized collection of parrots and miscellaneous birds overboard before he could be recaptured. We called him "Dixie," and he shows a "chronic case of appetite," like a good "reb."

July 10th.—Early in the morning we left the dilapidated old station and for several hours steamed by large flocks of water-fowl, which seem to be peculiar to this particular part of the river. Some of them were perfectly white, and others of a most beautiful pink, as soft and delicate in shade as that found on the inner side of a sea-shell.

Nothing further of interest occurred on our downward voyage; and, after a very satisfactory exploration, Yquitos was reached in safety, on July the 15th.

Yquitos, August 24th.—Little more than a month ago we reached this place on our return from the first of the series of expeditions for the year 1873. As Yquitos is the base of our operations and the largest and most important Peruvian settlement on any of the water-courses east of the Andes, it probably deserves description. About the year 1866 the Peruvian Government determined to put a line of steamers on their portion of the river Amazon, for the benefit of the few traders that had established themselves along its banks, and also the better to define their territory and to watch the movements of Brazil, of which country they were jealous. For the necessary repairs of the steamers they established here a small machine-shop, and imported some English mechanics. At the same time they sent a few naval and marine officers from the Pacific coast, and called it a naval station. The Indians of this locality, not liking the turn things were taking, withdrew farther into the interior; and around this nucleus quickly gathered greedy Spanish, Portuguese, Brazilian, and Peruvian traders, merchants, and adventurers of every kind. Thus, in a short time, was established a little thatched-roofed village of some twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and corresponding, possibly, in morals, to "Poker Flat" and San Francisco in their incipency. Regularly every month a contingent of twenty thousand soles, with which to pay government employes and to meet other expenses, was sent across the mountains from Lima to this place. Every cent of the monthly installments passed rapidly into the clutches of these merchants, and, they getting fat on it, other birds of the same feather collected, so that, in 1873, when the government ceased for many months to send its contingent, the place was filled with dissatisfied adventurers. The inhabitants of an Amazonian village always form an interesting spectacle,

but the population of Yquitos is particularly so. As there is now but little business, the natives are nothing more than a body of useless loafers, whom only the arrival and departure of a steamer can arouse into any thing like life. But by a steam-whistle they are electrified, and every thing in the village that can walk or crawl collects on the bank at that signal. As the steamer approaches the landing, you have a fine view of this people of the Amazon Valley. You will see standing out prominently the white man and the black, and you will find all intermediate shades close at hand.

The three races, red, white, and black, are combined and intermingled in every possible proportion, producing the mulatto, cholo, and sambo. The last cross (Indian and negro) makes, physically, the best man. He is a treacherous, strong villain, with sullen countenance, and is feared by both Indians and white men. His superior *physique* enables him to carry out his impulses; and three-fourths of the murderers and other criminals in Peru and Brazil are sambos. As it would take the steamer some time to refit and prepare for a second expedition, we secured a house and moved ashore. Except that money was scarcer, we found every thing as we had left it five months before; but the remarkable credit system still existed; and, without showing a cent of money, you could buy any thing you needed, from a box of matches to a house. The 28th of July was the anniversary of the independence of Peru; and this place made quite a creditable display. On the day preceding, the troops of the place, consisting of fifty half-breeds, divided into two companies, with about seventeen commissioned officers, uniformed like the French, marched around, and published at every street corner an order, requiring you on the morrow to display a flag from your window, and for three nights to burn a light in front of your house. Most of the citizens got drunk, and staid in that condition for forty-eight hours, singing their national airs all the while. These people observe all the saints' days and holidays. But the holiday in which they take most delight is the carnival. This usually begins on some saint's day just before Lent, and lasts for four days.

During that interval there is no respect paid to rank, sex, or condition. The door of the highest official in the place can be broken open, and he dragged out and painted all over, and obliged to laugh at it, too. It is in vain for me to attempt to give a correct idea of the carnival as it is carried on in Yquitos. But try to imagine a dirty village of three thousand inhabitants, three-fourths of whom are cholos, mulattoes, Chinese, and Indians, with a fair sprinkling of the lowest class of English workmen; imagine them all desperate from receiving no money, and living badly for many months; imagine an order, published at the street-corners, giving them holiday and absolute license for four days, and you may then be prepared to have an inkling of what transpires on such occasions. This mob gets up drunk on the morning of the 14th, and goes to bed drunk on the night of the 18th. During this reign of liquor and absence of law, the streets are incessantly

paraded by gangs of yelling men and women, who throw, at every one they meet, balls of mud, and skins filled with paint, and all kinds of horrid-smelling things. If you lock your door, it is broken down by the mob, and you are dragged out and rolled in the mud and painted, until you can hardly recognize yourself. You would see a captain in the Peruvian Navy start down the street to his breakfast, looking, in his "hidalgo pride," as neat as a new pin, and a dozen women would break from the crowd; and, while some would be smearing his face with red, white, and blue paint, others would be throwing flour over him from top to toe. Just as he thinks he is going to get away, several hands grab him, and his shirt-collar is quietly pulled aside, to make way for a handful of soft, black mud, from the street; and, at the same time, he feels his pockets being filled with the same article. There are trees planted at the corners of the principal streets, and here the players collect, and dance around to drums, horns, and yells, until they are ready to drop from fatigue and excitement. Then the tree is cut down, and the one toward whom it falls has to treat to drinks. He is master of ceremonies for the next time, and must have another tree planted. No one who remains in town is exempt from the annoyance.

The pet animals form not an unimportant part in the population here. Every house has its half-dozen parrots and monkeys. The first you can hear all day saying their letters, calling people, cursing, and singing parts of the church service. The latter, as a general thing, are stupid. The other day, however, one stole some four or five eggs, and took down the street pursued by the neighbor from whom he had purloined them. An Indian having run out into the street to stop him, the monkey, finding himself hard pushed, ran up on him, and took position on the top of his head, whence the latter could not dislodge him. People collected around, and, seeing himself about to be captured, he smashed the eggs in the Indian's face, jumped down, and got away. The great amusement of the place, in fact, the only diversion, consists in *fandangos*. Of these, there are one or two every night, and on some nights more than half a dozen. They are indulged in and enjoyed by all classes, and the passion for them is remarkable. The poor devil who has been working all the month without any clothes on his back, at the close of it will take his few dollars and immediately purchase a demijohn of *chacapa* (distilled cane-juice), a few bottles of some miserable wine, and a jar of *chicha* (fermented Indian-corn and water sweetened). He then goes to his house, throws open the doors, sounds a few notes on the concertina, strikes a few blows on an old empty goods-box (these two instruments always accompany each other, and furnish the music peculiar to a *fandango* in this place), and the crowd collects. Any passer-by can enter; and there they stay, and "back and fill," whirl around and around, and pass each other, until the liquor is gone, waving their handkerchiefs and flirting them in each other's faces, and calling to each other "Hal-za!" (or, "Get along faster!"). At the same

time, they sing an accompaniment to the music, and the wall-flowers clap their feet and hands.

The concertina seems to be a very favorite musical instrument with the Indians of South America. A great many of the cholo women of the place play upon them with that touch and taste peculiar to the Indian. The strains are the sweetest, saddest, and most weird, imaginable. They are the native melodies, or songs, of the Indians of the mountains and hill-country. In Peru they call them *tristes*. They say that these *tristes* were composed by a young Indian, who lost his sweetheart, and who used to go every day and sit by her grave and lament. By degrees the rain washed the earth away, and her bones became visible. The Indian took the bone of her arm, and from it made a flute or pipe, with which he would sit by the grave day and night and play the tunes that are now sung as *tristes*.

The government factory of Yquitos is only remarkable for getting a considerable amount of work out of some Britons without paying them. The tree standing near it is much more worthy of note. It is a palm-tree, covered with parasitical vines, which have grown around it until they have become linked together, making an enormous tree, with the palm for the centre. This tree is the roosting-place of many buzzards that patrol the town by day; and, at night, are its guardian angels.

Yquitos is visited by small traders from the neighboring rivers, who have been collecting rubber, gums, and Indian curiosities, etc. These often come from a great distance, from far up the river Napo, in Ecuador, and from other smaller streams entering into the Amazon. They come in canoes, or on *balsas*, bringing their commodities with them, and oftentimes one or two Indians from the section of country they have visited. In this way, the good people of Yquitos have often been made to smile, upon opening their lazy, black eyes in the morning, to see, strolling along unconcernedly in the dirty street, a little squad of savages, perfectly naked, or else fantastically dressed. The Indians, who withdrew to the interior when this place was established, are called Yquitos Indians. In stature they are square and well built, with pleasant, open countenances. They keep clear of the settlements; and it is a rare thing to see one enter the neighborhood. In intelligence they are far below the Conibo; possessing neither bows nor arrows, and going perfectly naked. A short lance is their only weapon, offensive and defensive; and it is said that they capture their game by snares. They have the love of ornament so distinctive in the Indian, and wear quite a tasty little head-dress of bark placed jauntily on one side of the head. They have also a slit in the lobe of the ear, through which is worn a short section of reed, in the end of which is stuck a little bunch of red feathers. The finest-looking Indians seen in this part of the country come down the river Napo from Ecuador. All the Indians through this country distrust the whites; and, adding to that their fear of the small-pox, which to them is peculiarly fatal, it is not often that

they can be gotten to enter this place. Another tribe, inhabiting a belt of country touching the Napo, three or four hundred miles above its mouth, are the Oregones or big-eared Indians. When young, the lobe of the ear is slit, and into it is inserted a small, round block of wood. These blocks are constantly replaced by larger ones, so that, when the age of manhood is attained, round blocks of three or four inches in circumference are worn. It is said that, when these Oregones are warring against each other, and prisoners are taken, they pair them off, make them face each other, and then pass their hands through each other's ears. Then the captors lash their hands together behind their heads, and thus they are secured.

On the morning of March 21, '74, we left Yquitos in the launch Pastaza for the purpose of making a chart of the Upper Marañon, and determining the position of Borja at the "Pungo de Manserichi," the point where the river breaks through the Andes Mountains, and which was said to be the head of steam navigation.

March 20th.—Arrived at the mouth of the Huallaga. This is a large river, emptying into the Marañon on the right side, and its banks are better suited for cultivation than any we have seen in this country. It is, also, on the mail route from Yquitos to Lima. Yurimaguas, near the head of navigation, is a small village, but, in importance, as regards the river settlements, is next to Yquitos.

March 30th.—Reached Barranca, latitude $4^{\circ} 59' 53''$ south, longitude $76^{\circ} 38' 38''$ west of Greenwich; distance from the Brazilian frontier, seven hundred and thirty-three miles and three-quarters; elevation above sea-level, 138,072 metres. Barranca is an outpost settlement, situated on a high, clay bank. It has a garrison of twelve soldiers, under the command of a lieutenant. These men are stationed here to keep back the hostile tribes of this section. We took on board the officer and his command, and also six or eight Indians of the post, and in half an hour were under way again. Then I learned that we had a case of small-pox on board. This crew had lived in Yquitos so long they did not mind it much, but it was necessary to keep it a secret from the soldiers and new men. About four p.m. we passed an old deserted *chacra*. We ran around a point out of sight of it, and anchored. The soldiers and Indians were then sent down to the bunkers to pass wood, and the sick man was hurried over the side into a canoe, with provisions, an old gun, and two nurses, and told to pull as rapidly as possible for the *chacra*. He was supposed to stay at this hut for four or five days, in which time he would either die or become well enough to make a canoe-voyage of one hundred and fifty miles to the mouth of the Huallaga. There is very little danger of his spreading the disease; for above Barranca he will "lie pretty low," through fear of the savages, and below, if in passing any of the *Christianized* Indians they should happen to find out that he has the small-pox, they will kill him and his two nurses and sink his canoe.

March 31st.—At nine a.m. we passed Limon. This is a beautiful green island lying

in the middle of the river, and in area comprising about two acres. It is the first *mal paso*, or obstruction to navigation. Here we encountered the first *playa* of pebbles; and just ahead the mountains are plainly in sight. There are the remains of a deserted *chacra* on this little island; and the fruit-trees planted by its former occupant seem to be struggling to keep their heads above the rank vegetation, fifteen and twenty feet high, which seems, in turn, to be trying to choke them out. One night, about eighteen months ago, the owner of the *chacra* and eleven others were massacred by a very savage tribe called Wambesas. One man—who was out fishing—only escaped to tell the tale; and, since then, no one has dared to live above the station of Barranca.

At 4.20 p.m. we anchored for the night. Just after stopping we discovered ten *roncos* on a *playa* about half a mile away; and the second commander and I took some Indians and started for them. We crept up, and, at the same instant, both fired into the largest. Although he had two army-balls through him, he and the rest jumped into the river, and began to swim for the other side, leaving us only their heads to fire at. The one we had shot, finding himself too weak to get across, tried to ascend the bank, and ran past us into the woods; and, although an Indian split his skull with a big knife, he jumped back into the river, and dived out of sight. However, we killed five, three of them weighing over one hundred and fifty pounds apiece.

April 1st.—Last night, at twelve o'clock, we broke a hawser, and steamed for a better anchorage. At seven a.m. we got under way, and, although the current was very strong and navigation difficult, the chief engineer (marine) and the captain of the soldiers selected this time to get drunk. After a very narrow escape from being dashed against the bank by the current, we arrived without mishap at the old site of Borja. Here, the lieutenant and his soldiers, having seen signs of *infieles* below, went ashore and reconnoitred; but with no success.

April 3d.—This is the prettiest spot I have seen in Peru. We have steamed up from the marshes of the lower river, and are now anchored a few hundred feet from and just in front of a narrow mountain-gorge, through which rush the contracted waters of the mighty Amazon. These mountains belong to the Andes range, and are parallel to the main backbone. On the other side of this pass the river again spreads out to its usual width, and flows through an immense valley. Through this gorge rushes a current of cool air; and, just in the proper place to get the full benefit of it, Nature has formed a beautiful little plateau of six or seven acres, as fertile as fertile can be; and this is the site of the old town of Borja. This locality is said to be rich in gold, and must have been so once; for, as early as 1634, there was a village established here. In 1737 it was made a missionary station by the Jesuits, it being the first one established in this *montana* region.

A garrison was kept here to force the Indians to bring in gold, and from it doubtless

proceed the poor dependence withdrav in, killed town. been ma have pr after it l three Ita and loca from the They we oners an other sic respectfu guarded. left their upon reti of their in order that the hair, so thus free cut the c and, clim made a starvation down the April observati by the la erible sta were som party of way. Tw changes t of the pla mountain you can h warning: dulations growth, a ing mount which co base of th mense bo ration ju Barra rived at t r. m. W dous spee but the in About the Lieutenant post, says command ly one th them in vi time of hi were hidi ponda, livi other whe old curaco the oldest and the m that I ha twentieth on his who was at lea does not a thing by a We were a lieutenant

proceeded oppression of the vilest kind to the poor Indian. So that, upon the independence of Peru, when the Spanish force was withdrawn, the neighboring Indians rushed in, killed all the inhabitants, and burned the town. Since that time several attempts have been made to reestablish the place, but all have proved unsuccessful. Several months after it had been abandoned for the last time, three Italians with their wives came up here, and located with a view to collecting gold from the beds of the streams in the vicinity. They were killed, and their wives taken prisoners and carried through the pass on the other side. These women were treated very respectfully by the savages, but were closely guarded. Once all the men went away and left them in charge of the women. These, upon retiring to sleep at night, tied the hair of their own heads to that of their captives, in order to secure them. But the story goes that the captives quietly pulled out their own hair, so as not to awaken the Indians, and thus freed themselves. They then noiselessly cut the canoes adrift, so as to avoid pursuit, and, climbing around the *pongo* (whirlpool), made a raft; and, after much suffering and starvation, were picked up some distance down the river.

April 4th.—Went on shore to-day to make observations. The church and barracks built by the last occupants of Borja are in a tolerable state of preservation. In the church were some old hammocks, swung by the last party of *infeles* that had prowled down this way. Two hundred yards farther on the scene changes from the ordinarily flat, spongy soil of the plateau to the abrupt side of a steep mountain. The transition is so sudden that you can hardly believe it. Without any forewarning in the way of rocks and slight undulations, you issue from the dense undergrowth, and are arrested suddenly by a foaming mountain-stream of clear limestone-water, which comes thundering along around the base of the mountain, and, pouring over immense boulders of limestone, joins the *Marañon* just as it issues from the pass.

Barranca, April 7th.—Last night we arrived at this place, having left Borja at nine P. M. We came down-stream at a tremendous speed, and struck three *playas* of gravel, but the impetus of the vessel carried us over. About the 14th we will arrive in Yquitos. Lieutenant P—, the commandant of the post, says that, during the ten months of his command at Barranca, he has collected nearly one thousand Indians, and established them in villages around him. These, at the time of his arrival, had no settled homes, but were hiding from each other in creeks and ponds, living in their canoes, and killing each other whenever they could get a chance. The old *curaca* or head-Indian of Barranca is the oldest native in this part of the country, and the most remarkable specimen of a man that I have ever seen. He has not "the twentieth part of one poor scruple" of flesh on his whole body, and you would say that he was at least a hundred years old. Still, he does not allow himself to be outdone in any thing by any young man in the settlement. We were anxious to have his picture, and the Lieutenant promised to translate from the In-

dian language an account of his long and eventful life, to be put on the back of his photograph; but the fates ordered otherwise. The *curaca* was told that we wanted his picture. He jumped at the idea and came on board, pulled off his shirt, rolled up his pants, and squared himself against the mast. His breast consisted of nothing but muscle and scars. There were at least seven or eight large gashes and holes in his arms, shoulders, and chest. These wounds he had received when a young man, and upon the occasion of the killing of his wife and children and his being left for dead. Leaving the old fellow in this striking position, I went below to see how the photographer was coming on in the preparation of his plates. I found him, his machine, and the whole cabin, enveloped in flames, some of his chemicals having taken fire; and, as the whistle for departure sounded just then, the taking of the photograph was a decided failure. We put out the fire, and I went up and told the old chief that the white gentleman had "busted," and that we would have to dispense with his picture for the present. The old fellow uncoiled himself very slowly, and with great deliberation got into his shirt. Then, with a look of supreme contempt for white gentlemen, as a class, he got into his canoe and shoved off, without ever having opened his mouth.

This voyage terminated the most important explorations of the commission.*

N. B. NOLAND.

A VISIT TO VICTOR HUGO'S ISLAND-HOME.

IN the quaint streets of the town of St. Petersport, in the Channel Islands, may be seen, at certain seasons of the year, a singular-appearing old man, with a full, white beard and gray locks, who walks with an abstracted air, his head being bowed and turned a little on one side, as if half in search of something on the ground. This singular-appearing man is Victor Hugo, who, expatriated by imperialism, took refuge in Guernsey from necessity, where he now remains sometimes by choice. Here, where the principal scenes of the story are laid, he wrote "The Toilers of the Sea," which he dedicates to—

"The Rock of Hospitality and Liberty, to that portion of the old Norman ground inhabited by the noble little Nation of the Sea, to the Island of Guernsey, severe yet kind, my present home, perhaps my tomb."

In this brief dedication the author gives a glimpse of his island-home and its peculiar characteristics—Guernsey being, like the other members of the group to which it belongs, a rock, though a very large rock. And, since there are nations and nations, we will

* Reference in these pages has been made to the *ponsoo*. This creature is a lazy, slow-moving beast, in appearance closely resembling the tapir, but being smaller in size. It has three toes on each hind- and two on each forefoot. Its habits and food are similar to those of the tapir. Its flesh is like that of the hog, and is quite palatable. Herds of them are often seen feeding on the *playas* along the river's banks. When attacked, they take to the water readily, and are very tenacious of life.

concede that Guernsey is correctly styled a "noble" little nation; severe, too, as alleged, especially to roving, unauthenticated strangers, in common with acknowledged knaves. It is a curious old island, notched with coves and bays, and buttressed with flinty rocks; its entire border being studded with castles, martello towers, and quaint spires, while the rolling fields are sown with "menhir" and "dolmen;" the architecture, military and ecclesiastic, dating from the tenth and eleventh centuries, while the Druidic remains go back to the prehistoric man. In a word, the island is just what a piece of "old Norman ground" ought to be, forming a convenient home for Victor Hugo; since, while possessing the power of exciting his fancy, it at the same time afforded the desired "rock of liberty," whence, in the days of French Cæsarism, he could safely launch his republican thunders.

In writing under the title selected, one hardly knows which to regard as the poet's "home," the island itself, or the particular house in which he lives. Perhaps the reader will expect something about both, though in either case this sketch must be brief. The most noticeable feature of St. Petersport, the chief town of Guernsey, may be found in the buildings and streets, though the people who live in the houses and walk in the streets would bear a great deal of description, being poor, proud, exclusive, and clannish, as well as hospitable, prosperous, and kind. There are two sides to this "old Norman" shield, which takes its theological device from Oxford, and its legal legends from France, though the people are almost independent of English and Continental manners, customs, politics, and speech. The prosperity of the place is not of a kind to turn anybody's head, while the poverty of the poor is a monotonous thing, and altogether unrelieved; conger-eel taking the place of nourishing meat, which latter they *drink*, complaining all the while because they cannot eat it and drink it too. But this can hardly be while the taxes paid on intoxicating beverages average fourteen pounds and twelve shillings sterling per annum for every family on the island; from which we may infer the cost of the drink itself.

Another thing that the people lack is room, and with about as much reason, too, as in the case of food. There are, indeed, thousands of acres of open fields, but these are not greatly for the immediate benefit of either man or beast, the beautiful cow, the counterpart of the Alderney, being tethered by a short rope, and allowed only the smallest possible range; while the cow's owner scarcely allows himself room to turn around in. This is the case in both town and country, the lanes being so narrow that one has fairly to wriggle through one of their little villages, where the heavy-looking peasant replies to a question, not in modern French, but in that of the Nun in the Canterbury Pilgrimage, who spoke French—

"After the schol of Stratford-at-le-Bow,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe."

And this reference to the language of the island reminds one of the fact that Guernsey

claims another distinguished author besides Victor Hugo, known as Walter Wace, who, in the twelfth century, wrote the celebrated "Roman de Rou." Most of the people at the present day speak English in addition to the old French, though the liturgy of the English Church, at the morning service, is rendered in the modern. The islands themselves, while lying on the coast of France, belong to the English crown, which exercises a paternal, and sometimes almost nominal, jurisdiction.

In landing at St. Petersport, the visitor cannot fail to be impressed by the castellated aspect of the neighborhood. He must also pay attention to the extensive piers and breakwaters, constructed at such enormous expense, though on this paper voyage there will be no time to delay to visit "Cornet Castle." From the long pier we pass into the principal street of the town, Rue Grande, or High Street, which, in fact, is now the Lower or Water Street, for the reason that the town has retreated to the steep hill-side, and stretched itself out on the uplands beyond. The Rue Grande is the shopping-place, though the shops and dwellings are poorly lighted, owing to the narrowness of the street. In one place the houses formerly projected, in the old Norman style, until they actually met, and formed an arched passage. Even now the sunlight squeezes itself in with difficulty. In looking southward toward the quaint and venerable parish church, which appears to block the way, the pedestrian wonders how he is ever to get through; but, as he approaches, the houses deferentially stand aside, and afford a straitened passage. Half-way down the Rue Grande a broad ravine formerly opened to the uplands of Guernsey, and this ravine is now converted into streets and terraces, ascended by steep stone stairs. After a long and tortuous climb, the explorer arrives breathless at the top, and finds himself in the upper-tendom of Guernsey, where "eminent respectability" asserts its reign. Still, the proudest scion of this insular nobility, though his estate be as pure as the moon, does not scorn to let lodgings. Victor Hugo's house does not stand in the charmed circle of the "Grange," and you may reach it, as is also the case with the "Grange" itself, by a carriage-road, steep but passable. On arriving at the poet's residence, which stands in a narrow, cobble-paved street, without sidewalks, it is found to be a large, unattractive structure, built in the English style, with a brown mastic front. In fact, it is outwardly a prosaic affair. You may see scores of such buildings in any little decayed English town. On entering, however, you experience something of a surprise—as much of a surprise, perhaps, as when you pass through the door of Scott's pepper-box home at Abbotsford, and view the results of the great Scotch novelist's elegant trifling. I must add, however, that in the case of the Frenchman's domicile there is but little elegance, though the visit is quite as interesting as that enjoyed in the pilgrimage to the banks of the Tweed. On the occasion of visiting the house of Victor Hugo, the maid-servant who opened the door informed us that her master was away. But we nevertheless re-

quested the privilege of viewing the mansion, as we understood it was his custom to admit visitors in this informal way. A *douceur* dropped into the palm of this neatly-dressed Norman girl immediately put us upon a friendly footing, and under her guidance we went over the house.

I must, however, go back so far as to say that, when the door through which we entered had been closed behind us, we were left in a kind of mediæval gloom, and it was not until the pupils of our eyes had adjusted themselves to the diminished light that we were able to take in the situation. Then we found that we had stepped out of the glare of the nineteenth century into the atmosphere of the middle ages. Every thing bore the marks of an extreme antiquity—the walls and ceilings being covered with dark-looking carved woods, apparently taken from the walls of venerable Continental structures, for the purpose of lending an air of age to this really modern house. A passage in "The Toilers of the Sea" at once occurred to me, wherein M. Hugo declares that "houses are like the human beings who inhabit them. They become to their former selves what the corpse is to the living body." Perhaps he had in view the house in which he wrote—of the walls that for him had inclosed so much sorrow. But, without giving any time for reflection, our Norman cicerone threw open the antique folding-doors, and ushered us into a spacious *salle-d-manger*. Here we found that the same effort had been made to revive the past by the means of antique wood-work and carvings, oddly jumbled up with white Dutch tiles, bearing blue and purple figures. There was a transom running around the walls, and at one end of the room a throne, access to which was barred by an iron chain. Our cicerone could not tell us either the origin or use of this lofty structure, but one of the shopkeepers of the place told me that the poet was accustomed to sit on this throne when "consulting the spirits," which shows that some of the islanders have views of their own on the subject. There were legends upon the walls in both Latin and French, one of which I copied, as it seemed to have occupied a large place in the poet's thought: "*Ex Ilum vita est*." The ceiling of the room was covered with old tapestry, and every thing possible was done to render its aspect striking and *bizarre*.

Thence we passed up the staircase to the *salon*, noting as we went that the rail and balusters were covered, like the stairs and adjoining walls, with a coarse drugget, and so thoroughly upholstered that every sound was hushed. In moving about we actually made no more noise than so many ghosts. The device was excellent for weak nerves. Entering the *salon*, we found its aspect resembling that of the rooms below: heavy Persian carpets on the floor; rich Gobelin tapestries on both walls and ceilings, and stiff with figures in gold; costly and curious inlaid tables and chairs, upholstered with silk and gold; a writing-table with the necessary apparatus, the joint gift of Dumas, Lamartine, and George Sand; mirrors and articles of *verru*; Sèvres china, and fighting-cocks and peacocks looking down from the

walls effulgent with gold. The different countries of the Old World appear to have been ransacked to meet the poet's odd taste, China being quite as popular in the collection as mediæval France. Some day there will be a notable auction, and ambitious collectors will wage furious war.

Above the *salon* we were shown a room divided into two compartments by pillars, and furnished throughout in carved oak. In one compartment stood a stately bed, which they told us was "Garibaldi's bed." "And why?" we asked. "Because it was made ready for him; he never slept on it." Still, it is Garibaldi's; and, apparently, it would have appeared no more sacred if it had belonged to Olympian Jove. After noting the decorations of this room we proceeded to view the great author's writing-room, or study, which is no imposing apartment, like that devoted to composition by the author of "Waverley." It proved to be nothing more than a little, low-ceiled room up under the roof, the ceiling dropping or "slanting" at both sides, as in houses with the "gambrel-roof." The floor was heavily carpeted with the common red-and-black "drugget" already mentioned, and the walls were padded with the same material, which also furnished rude cushions for the transoms or immovable benches ranged on two sides of the room against the walls. Of the two other sides, one afforded space for a door, and the other opened into what might serve as a conservatory, as it had a glass door, and floor and walls of creamy Dutch tiles. All the light in this *salle de travail* was admitted from the anteroom. On one side of this room was a small table, standing close to the transom, which took the place of chairs, the table being covered and padded with the inevitable drugget. A plain inkstand and some common pens completed the simple writing-apparatus, while the great man's little library was piled up carelessly on the ends of the transom, showing by its paucity that society formed his great book of reference, and that he depended upon the printed volume chiefly for facts and dates. However that may be, a strong man could have carried off the collection in his arms. Such is the room—hardly more than a garret—wherein Victor Hugo conjured up the thick-growing fancies and startling scenes that have moved the world. On entering it one almost fancies himself in the tiny cabin of some old North River sloop. Every thing appears snug and compact, as if ready for sea. There is no picture on the wall, no elegant trifle on the table. A monk's cell could hardly appear more bare; and the heavily-draped walls, impervious to sound, shut the mind up to its own consciousness. Here, solitary and often heart-sore, Victor Hugo toiled over his great works. His curious and costly collections were for his friends, while this poor little workshop was for himself.

Seating myself on the transom behind the table, I reached out right and left, pulling a book or two at random from each of the piles, here lighting upon a Latin classic and a compendium of the bones of history, and there a curious disquisition upon death. The mental pabulum was not varied, though

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strong. Victor Hugo commands a realm of his own, and, whether in splendid Paris, where the ends of the world meet, or in remote Guernsey, girdled by the sea, this realm glows with light and knowledge, and its ruler, even when sitting in this plain, monastic cell, appears a king.

We left the house after viewing several other apartments, one of which contained nothing but a low lounge, raised only about four inches above the floor, upon which the great novelist was accustomed to throw himself, in weary moments, for brief naps. This room, as much as any other, illustrated his idiosyncrasies. Indeed, the whole house is the index of what is at once a simple and yet curiously complex mind, capable of being moved, encouraged, and even consoled, by the memories of the past, and at the same time attaining to its best activity by the shutting out of every thing except self.

B. F. DE COSTA.

REMINISCENCES OF WELLINGTON.*

IT was during the Christmas holidays, when my father was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, that I first saw the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, and at that time principal secretary. A feat of agility upon my part attracted his attention, and he warmly applauded me, adding that I ought to go to Astley's or Sadler's Wells Theatre.

"I hope better things for him," responded my mother. "William is ambitious to enter the army, and we must look to you for your kind offices."

"Well, well," replied Wellesley, "there's plenty of time for that."

No further allusion was made to the subject; it was not, however, forgotten by the secretary, though it did not produce any result until he had long left behind him the pleasant scenes of his Irish official duties, and had commenced his grand career in the Peninsula.

I pass over a few years, when one morning I was called up by Dr. Cary, then head-master of Westminster School, and "conscience, which makes cowards of us all," gave me a pang, for it reminded me that on the previous day I had been out of bounds, a crime always attended with punishment, when discovered. Whether Dr. Cary imbibed the love of flogging from a celebrated predecessor, I know not, but he certainly never "spoiled a child by sparing the rod," and it was said that the system at that time pursued at Westminster was founded on the practice of Dr. Busby, who, for fifty-five years, ruled over the destinies of that school with a rod of iron, or, more strictly speaking, with one of birch; and who was so notorious for his Spartan discipline that he flogged the boys every Monday morning because he knew they would deserve it during the week! On the occasion I refer to, I was wrong in my opinion, for, with a kindly smile, Dr. Cary showed me the *Gazette*, in which I found myself, then within four months of my fourteenth year, appointed to a cornetcy in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), the duke having, in the following letter to Colonel Torrens, recom-

mended me for the first vacancy that occurred in that distinguished corps:

"FRENDA, April 7, 1813.

"To COLONEL TORRENS: In the event of the promotions recommended in the inclosed letter being approved of by the commander-in-chief, I beg leave to submit the name of Lord William Pitt Lennox for the cornetcy in succession.

"I have the honor to be, etc.,

"WELLINGTON."

It was on the 7th of August, 1814, that, having been previously appointed *attaché* to the duke, then about to proceed to Paris as ambassador to the newly-restored monarch, Louis XVIII., I drove up to the duke's temporary residence in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, and, at the hour named for our departure, his grace entered the carriage, followed by the late Colonel de Burgh and myself. We drove to Coombe Wood, where the Earl of Liverpool was in waiting to receive us, and a small party were assembled for dinner.

Early next morning we left for Dover. The duke was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, for, in the language of Southey, "the people would not be debarred from gazing till the last moment upon the hero—the darling hero—of England." At three o'clock a salute from the batteries announced the arrival of Wellington at Dover, where he was met by Vice-Admiral Foley. That gallant officer said that, as the wind was blowing very fresh from the west-southwest, and the weather was very boisterous, it would be impossible to embark from that port, and that preparations had been made for the duke's reception at the hotel.

"I must proceed, if possible," replied Wellington. "Could we not embark at Deal?"

"Assuredly," responded the admiral; "but I've only a small sloop-of-war there, and I fear the accommodation will not be suitable for your grace."

"Never mind that, I must make the best of my way to Brussels and Paris. Such are my orders."

In less than an hour we were on board the Griffon sloop-of-war. The Iron Duke was a wretched bad sailor, and, as the captain had not sufficient time to prepare for so distinguished a guest, the duke had to rough it upon the ordinary sea-provisions—hard biscuits, salt pork, and fiery rum. After a very rough passage of twenty-four hours, we landed at Bergen-op-Zoom, for we failed to make Ostend. After inspecting the fortress, we left for Antwerp, and thence proceeded to Brussels. After a brief stay in that city, the duke, accompanied by the Prince of Orange, proceeded to inspect carefully the fortresses in the Netherlands.

At Namur, his grace was received with the most marked enthusiasm by the inhabitants, who took the horses from the carriage and drew it into the palace. Although I have been chaired after an election, a custom now done away with, the only time I ever had the honor, and that honor was due to my chief, of being drawn in triumph by the populace, was at Namur. Here the duke took leave of his former aide-de-camp, the prince, and continued his journey to Paris, which he reached on the 23d of August.

I pass over the festivities of the "City of Frivolity," given in honor of the newly-appointed ambassador, and will merely remark that at that period France could boast of a royal hunt. Wellington was devoted to the chase, and, having an excellent stud of

hunters, kindly mounted me whenever he took part in it. On the 5th of November the hounds met at Rambouillet, where, for the first time, my chief adopted the French hunting-costume—gold-laced coat, *couteau de chasse*, cocked-hat, and jack-boots. Never shall I forget the smile that beamed upon his countenance when he looked at himself in the glass.

"What would they say of me in England?" he exclaimed; "I should not dare to appear on this day, or they would surely take me for a Guy Faux."

Over Louis XVIII. Wellington had obtained great influence—so great, indeed, as, much to the scandal of his chamberlains, to induce Louis occasionally to depart from the established etiquette of the French court. And one instance shows in a remarkable manner the consideration which the duke at all times showed to those of his own profession, whether his own countrymen or foreigners. Not only had the king admitted him, though a subject, to his dinner-table, but he had even invited himself to meet the King of Prussia as Wellington's guest. The duke cheerfully prepared to receive both his illustrious visitors; but on the morning of the projected entertainment a difficulty arose, for an officer of the royal household, who came, according to the usage of the court, to see that all things were in due order, found a cover laid for which he was unable to account, and, on inquiry, learned that it was for the officer on guard at the duke's gate; the compliment of a guard of honor having been paid him by the government during his residence in Paris. The chamberlain pompously declared:

"C'est tout-à-fait impossible pour un roi de France de dîner avec un sujet."

The duke's steward was equally certain of the orders which he had received from his master.

When appeal was made to Wellington himself, he, feeling with Major Dalgitty that "a valiant soldado was a camarado for an emperor," declared that the officer on guard always dined with him, and always must do so. And so it was on this occasion, for, though the chamberlain reported the duke's contumacy to Louis in its details, and besought his majesty to vindicate his own dignity, by depriving the foreign commander of the honor of his company, Louis cared more for his dinner than for his dignity, and, for the first time since the days of Louis XIV., an untitled officer of the French service sat at table as the worthy companion of his sovereign.

On the 23d of January Wellington left Paris to take part in the Congress of Vienna, and great was my delight to find that Colonel Fremantle and myself were to accompany his grace. Our journey was a most delightful one, and often do I look back with feelings of unmingled gratitude and pleasure to the good fortune that enabled me to participate in so coveted a privilege as being the companion of the great hero. Anxious to lose no time, we never stopped on the road with the exception of four hours during the night, when the duke's power of falling at once to sleep came into effect; for no sooner did we reach the inn than his grace retired to bed; and, at the hour named for starting, he appeared perfectly refreshed, having slept, dressed, and breakfasted during that brief period, while my brother *attaché* and myself looked what is called, with more truth than elegance, "awfully seedy," having passed our time in eating supper, and then lying down in our clothes before the hot German stove, until it was time to make our toilet previous to departure.

* From "Celebrities I have known; with Episodes, Political, Social, Sporting, and Theatrical." By Lord William Pitt Lennox. London, 1876.

We certainly did not starve on our journey, for the carriage was well stored with Parisian *comestibles*, French and Rhine wines. Vienna was peopled with sovereigns, ambassadors, ministers of state, and generals, and there was a succession of festivities from morning till night. These festivities were suddenly put an end to by the escape of Napoleon I. from the isle of Elba. A rumor had reached us early one morning that such had been the case, and Wellington immediately proceeded to the palace. Shortly afterward I met Eugène Beauharnais, Napoleon's step-son, who confirmed the report. From that moment until the 29th of March, when we left Vienna for Brussels, my chief was entirely occupied in business or absorbed in thought. Upon arriving at Brussels, Wellington shook me warmly by the hand, and, in a most feeling manner, said "that, as he was anxious to replace on his staff those officers who had served him in the Peninsula, he could no longer retain me." This sounded like a death-blow to my hopes; my disappointment was, however, considerably lessened by his grace adding, "I will appoint you to the first vacancy." Most strictly did he keep his word; for, a few days before the allied army entered Paris after the battle of Waterloo, I, then an extra aide-de-camp to General Maitland, encamped with the Guards in the Bois de Boulogne, received a few lines from the duke, saying "that, in consequence of the lamented death of Colonels Gordon and Canning, two vacancies had occurred, one of which I was to fill up."

I lost no time in joining my chief—a few days before he made his triumphant entry into Paris. And here I may remark that the duke was extremely attached to all his staff, more especially those who had gone through the deprivations, the difficulties, and dangers, of the Peninsular campaign. I select this period from a desire not to be egotistical; and certainly those who composed it were, generally speaking, young men of active habits and good constitutions, possessing courage, judgment, quickness, and decision. The hunting-field in England had made most of the staff fully competent for a not very unimportant part of their duty—that of conveying orders to distant posts, which, in a wild, mountainous country, with an enemy on the lookout, was no easy task.

It was a surprise that the French officers could not get over, when they saw the striplings that attended the British commander-in-chief; for in their army few under the rank of full colonels were attached to the emperor or his generals. Yet these young soldiers—I still refer to the Peninsular staff—did their duty in the most meritorious manner, so as to gain the thanks and confidence of their chief.

Never shall I forget the look of astonishment the Emperor of Russia gave me when, at a review of his troops, I addressed myself to his majesty on the part of my general, Wellington. I was afterward told at dinner, by a Russian officer, that his imperial master could scarcely believe his senses when he heard that a youth in his sixteenth year held so distinguished and responsible a situation as extra aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief.

Upon another occasion, when the duke inspected the Russian and Prussian armies, and a sham fight took place, I was sent by Wellington to order a regiment to retire, the combatants having got too much in earnest, and I had the greatest difficulty in checking their ardor, the Prussian colonel looking rather incredulous, and I must add somewhat con-

temptuous, at the message delivered him by a boy aide-de-camp.

To the "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," and whose ideas of hardship are very like those of the young guardsman who said, or rather is reported to have said, "he could manage to rough it on beef-steaks and port wine," I must point out that the duty of an aide-de-camp of Wellington's, although one of the highest honor, was not quite the bed of roses many supposed it to have been. Fancy a long ride of some fifteen leagues, under a broiling sun or the "pelting, pitiless storm," over a wild, mountainous tract, or through plains intersected with rivers and ditches; a straggler from the enemy's ranks, deserter from your own, or pilfering peasant of the country, looking out to enrich himself by quietly shooting you through the head. You reach the place of your destination, deliver your dispatches, devote the half-hour your chief has allotted you to rest and refreshment, and retrace your steps to headquarters. The next morning the note of preparation is heard, an action is anticipated; the eagle-eye of Wellington burns with unusual fire, some deed is to be done before sunset. Before noon you are in the midst of it; you are ordered to the right of the line to bring up a regiment to support another nearly overwhelmed by the superior force of the enemy. You gallop along the ensanguined field strewn with the wounded and the dead; you reach the commanding officer, deliver the brief order of Wellington, written with pencil in his own hand, and torn from his memorandum-book, and then hasten to return to your chief. A few straggling dragoons of the enemy, having left their main body, recognize you by your dress to be a staff-officer; they wheel round, and make a dash at you—your trusty steed answers to your touch, and away you go like Mazeppa's wild horse "upon the pinions of the wind." At one time the unevenness of the ground gives them a chance, but on a level your charger, a high-mettled racer, leaves them far behind, to anathematize you in no very measured terms.

The day is over, our arms are crowned with victory: but even then what thoughts come over you! It is true you are spared, but many of your dearest and best friends have fallen. The reflection is mournful, and nothing but the excitement of the time could keep up your spirits. In the depth of the night, when lying on your straw pallet, exposed, perhaps, to the inclemencies of the weather, to the heavy bursts of rain, the vivid flashes of lightning, the loud claps of thunder, the furious gusts of wind, the thoughts of "home" and those dear to you will come over the mind of the bravest, and fill it with reflections easier to be understood than depicted.

To give an instance of the promptness and fidelity with which the duty of the aides-de-camp was carried on, I will quote an anecdote, which, among many others, occurs to me. Upon one occasion, during an action, my late brother, the Duke of Richmond, was sent with an order to one of the most gallant regiments in the service, the Seventh Royal Fusiliers, who were suffering greatly from the enemy's fire. Just as he reached this distinguished corps, he observed that some of our guns had ceased firing. Addressing the artillery-officer, he mentioned the object of his mission, and suggested that, if he would only continue to pour some grape into the enemy's cavalry, the Fusiliers would get rid of a formidable opponent. "Enemy's cavalry!" said the artillery-officer; "they

belong to the German Legion." "You are wrong," replied the young aide-de-camp; "I am confident they are French. Remember, I have no orders for you to fire, but if you ceased under the impression that they were friends, not foes, I advise you again to blaze away." In a second the artillery-officer took the hint, and again "opened the ball" in a way that made the French take to their horses' heels. When this was mentioned to Wellington, he applauded the judgment and energy of his aide-de-camp.

Wellington has been accused of want of sympathy for individuals, and of having an insufficient sense of the services of his army. He certainly was not demonstrative when on duty, his habitual reserve often concealing feelings that he was chary of displaying; but he was always fair and just, when circumstances did not involve a compromise of system, or interfere with his sense of the public advantage. I could give many instances of his kindness of heart, but two must suffice. Although the Iron Duke was ever foremost in the fray, he was never wounded except upon one occasion, and that was at Orthez, where he received a severe contusion in his hip from a spent ball. This prevented him directing in person the last movements of the army on that day, but he did not quit the field until Soult had begun to retreat. In this engagement, my elder brother, the late Duke of Richmond, was most severely wounded while leading his company to the attack. The wound was pronounced to be mortal.

On the following morning Wellington was enabled to get about upon crutches, and his first walk was across the square to the house in which his former aide-de-camp lay, for Richmond, like a good soldier, had quitted the staff to do duty with his regiment, the gallant Fifty-second Light Infantry. His grace hobbled into the room, where the patient was still in a most precarious state, and the late Dr. Hair, the surgeon, who, exhausted with fatigue, was resting upon a mattress, started up at the entrance of the duke, and made a sign that the wounded man was sleeping. For a second, Wellington leaned against the mantel-piece. He, the sternest of the stern, where the claims of duty invoked the suppression of natural impulses, gave way to the most poignant grief. Suddenly my brother awoke, and, recognizing his chief, expressed a hope that he had been successful on the previous day. "I've given them a good licking," replied the great man, "and I shall follow it up."

The exhausted youth then turned to doze again, and as his chief left the room he appeared broken-hearted at the thought that he had taken a last farewell of the son of one of his oldest and dearest friends. It has always occurred to me that the above would furnish an excellent subject for a picture, that is, if faithfully represented. I say faithfully, because unquestionably many pictures that have appeared cannot claim that epithet. Among others, there is one of the ball given by my mother, the night before the battle of Quatre-Bras, and at which I was present. Byron has made the most of the subject in his beautiful lines, but the artist goes far beyond him, for he makes the house a splendid mansion, with ladies leaning over the spacious balusters, and gives mustaches to all the officers, except those of the Hussars, who alone were entitled to wear them.

The other instance occurred on the night after the battle of Waterloo. There was brief rest for Wellington that night, nature claimed

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some relief, and after a frugal meal he threw himself upon his cloak, laid over some bundles of hay, for his attached aide-de-camp, Sir Alexander Gordon, severely wounded, had been placed upon the duke's bed. Wellington's sleep was sound, the sleep of the good man and the brave. At three o'clock in the morning he was aroused by Dr. Hume, who found his grace sitting up on his rude pallet, covered with the dust of the previous day. The kind-hearted surgeon informed him that the spirit of Gordon had fled; the gay and gallant now lay a corpse in the adjoining room.

Wellington was deeply affected at hearing of this and other casualties, tears dropped fast upon his friend's hand which he held in his, and were chasing one another in furrows over his dusty cheeks. Brushing them suddenly away with his left hand, the duke said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Well, thank God, I don't know what it is to lose a battle, but certainly nothing can be more painful than to gain one with the loss of so many of one's friends." The latter feeling weighed heavily upon his spirit, but the gain was above all price. He felt it proudly as a soldier, humbly as a Christian, and if at the commencement of the struggle he spoke in the animated tones of Henry V., like him he now exclaimed:

"O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all."

In a letter addressed to his niece, he thus writes: "The finger of Providence was upon me, and I escaped unhurt;" and in another, addressed to General Charles Kent, he says: "Would you credit it! Napoleon overthrown by the gallantry of a British army? But I am quite heart-broken by the loss I have sustained. My friends—my poor soldiers! How many of them I have to regret!"

The late Earl of Dudley, in writing to Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, in January, 1816, remarks: "After the duke joined in the pursuit, and followed the enemy for some miles. Colonel Hervey, who was with him, advised him to desist, as the country was growing less open, and he might be fired at by some stragglers from behind the hedges. 'Let them fire away,' said Wellington, 'the battle is won, and my life is of no value now.'"

With regard to an insufficient sense of the services of his army, I will merely quote the duke's own words: "Nothing could surpass, or indeed equal, the British troops in the field. The sense of honor among officers existed in no other service to the same degree. I always felt confident when I put a detachment into a post that they would maintain it against any force until they dropped." The above passage is extracted from Lord Palmerston's "Tour to Paris" in 1815. I may further add that, at a dinner at headquarters just after the battle of Toulouse, the conversation turned upon the late immediate movements of the two armies, when Wellington exclaimed: "I will tell you the difference between Soult and me. When he gets into a difficulty, his troops don't get him out of it; when I get into one, mine always do."

Wellington was a great lover of field-sports, and was devoted both to hunting and sporting. While in Portugal, he wrote to my father to the following effect—it forms a postscript to an interesting detail of his military movements: "I was at the family-seat of the Villa Vicosa, the property of the Duke of Braganza, some days ago, and shot with ball

ten head of deer. The park in which they were is immense, and I dare say did not contain less than five thousand head—many of them red deer. This is pretty good sport." The duke was so thoroughly a fox-hunter, that he never allowed heat, wet, or cold, to interfere with the sport, and during the Peninsular campaign, and the occupation of France by the allied armies, he kept a pack of fox-hounds at headquarters. His object was, not only to enliven the leisure hours of himself and his officers during the monotony of winter quarters, but to encourage a manly and invigorating amusement; and he often quoted cases to prove the advantage of field-sports.

Perhaps the most delightful time I passed during the three years that I had the good fortune to serve on Wellington's staff was at the Château Mont St.-Martin, a few leagues from the headquarters at Cambray. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of Wellington, or his desire to promote the amusements of all who came within the circle of his acquaintance. Our mornings, when off duty, were devoted to shooting and fox and wild-boar hunting, our evenings to dancing and private theatricals; and any stranger paying a passing visit to the château who witnessed the unaffected manner, the unostentatious display, the simple habits of the host, would scarcely have imagined that he was in the presence of "Le Vainqueur du Vainqueur du Monde."

I have already said that Wellington was devoted to hunting, and, had he been trained earlier in life to it, would have been (as in a military point of view he was) difficult to beat. He possessed an ardent love for the sport, had a quick eye, and no lack of courage. I can see him now, "in my mind's eye," mounted on a thorough-bred English hunter, galloping over the plains near Vienna, with Lord Londonderry's hounds, after a bag-fox. I again have a vision of being in the forests of Fontainebleau, St.-Germain, and Compiègne, with the French royal stag-hounds, and over the wild country that surrounded his residence, the Château Mont St.-Martin near Cambray, with the wild-boar hounds. I see his animated look beaming with joy, as, escaping from diplomatic or military duties, he enjoyed a gallop with the hounds, encouraging by his own example officers under his command to participate in this manly exercise, which he knew full well was not alone conducive to health, but, like the heroes of antiquity, who were *παύροις κυρτοίς*, disciples of hunting, rendered them hardy and courageous, their exploits against wild animals being a prelude to their future victories.

During the time I was on Wellington's staff the duke took part in two boar-hunts at which I was present—one near Paris in 1815, the other not far from Cambray during the following year—at Paris the pack of boar-hounds belonging to a French gentleman. They were of the Norman breed, very large and powerful, with large heads, long ears, and dewlaps; they were marked similarly to fox-hounds, had excellent noses, were very steady, and from the depth of their cry were particularly adapted to forest-hunting.

Although Wellington was not professedly a wit, there were touches of pleasantry in his conversation which rendered him a most agreeable companion. His reply when asked if it was true that he had been surprised at Waterloo by Napoleon, "I was never surprised till now," is well known; not perhaps so well known is a conversation that took place at his table, when a lady of rank requested him to give her an account of the battle of Waterloo,

which reminds one of the French countess who seized a philosopher at the supper-table and exclaimed, "While they are cutting up the fowls, and we have got five minutes to spare, do tell me the history of the world, for I want to know it so much!" "Ah!" said Wellington, "battle of Waterloo. Very easily told. We pommelled the French, they pommelled us; I suppose we pommelled the hardest, so we won the day."

Wellington has been censured for want of judgment in selecting the plains of Waterloo as his battle-ground, French military critics contending that the duke fought the battle in a position full of difficulty. This charge he indignantly repelled, and, after thoroughly exonerating himself, concluded by saying, "My plan was to keep my ground till the Prussians appeared, and then to attack the French position, and I executed my plan."

Wellington was ever just toward those who opposed him. When asked what he really thought of the talent of the Emperor Napoleon as a great general, he said: "I have always considered the presence of Napoleon with an army equal to an additional force of forty thousand men from his superior talent, and from the enthusiasm which his name and presence inspired in the troops." On another occasion the duke also said that he thought Napoleon superior to Turenne, Tallard, or any of the old generals of former times; but Napoleon had this advantage over every other general, himself in particular, that his power was unlimited. He could order every thing on the spot as he pleased; if he wanted reinforcements, they were sent; if to change the plan of a campaign, it was changed; if to reward services, he could confer honors on the field of battle; whereas he, the duke, and other generals, were obliged to write home to ministers, and wait their decision, perhaps that of Parliament; and he himself had never had the power of conferring the slightest reward on any of his followers, however deserving.

I can well remember the time when the duke returned to England after his brilliant campaigns crowned with the battle of Waterloo; at that time he was cheered by the people wherever he went, and lauded to the skies. Afterward, at the period of the Reform Bill, in 1832, the fickle people forgot all his services, and constantly booed him in the streets. One day, coming from the Tower on horseback, the rascally mob attacked him with so much violence and malice that he was exposed to considerable personal danger in the street. I was, in that year, at a ball given by him at Apsley House to King William IV. and his queen, when the mob were very unruly and indecent in their conduct at the gates; and on the following days they proceeded to such excesses that they broke the windows of Apsley House, and did much injury to his property. It was then that he caused to be put up those iron blinds in his windows which remain to this day as a record of the people's ingratitude. Some time afterward, when he had regained all his popularity, and began to enjoy that great and high reputation which he carried to the grave, he was riding up Constitution Hill in the Park, followed by an immense mob, who were cheering him in every direction. He heard it all with the most stoical indifference, never putting his horse out of a walk, or seeming to regard them, till he leisurely arrived at Apsley House, when he stopped at the gate, turned round to the rabble, and then pointing with his finger to the iron blinds which still closed the windows, he made them a sarcastic bow, without saying a word.

COLLEGE ANECDOTES.

THE innate love of mischief, which early appears in childhood, and goes to sleep in the bustling seriousness of boy-life, when pigeons, rabbits, hens, and Guinea-pigs, keep the nature too fully occupied to be engaged in practical jokes, reappears in all its power, enhanced with a rich fertility of ways and means, in the college-days. Is there any period in life like this? Nothing is fixed or settled! Every thing is an open question again with each new day's new sunrise. Whatsoever is done, is done critically as to the regulative judgment, and at the same time with a never-ending relationship to the sense of mirth.

Whatever can be turned to the account of humor, whatever can be made to sharpen a jest, or feather a satire, or raise a laugh, is drafted into the service, and the earth, sea, and sky, the sceptered sovereigns of past history, along with the newest lights of the present, are all made into material for jokes for the unfrightened Sophomore.

Nothing is sacred to this unblushing age, and surely every unskilled professor must tremble as he sees the hordes of untamed Freshmen entering the college-door, with something of the feeling the Romans must have had when, after a fearful struggle with an invading German tribe, they heard there were hosts of other tribes who were coming down upon Rome to try the very same thing for themselves.

Every college-man must have his memory filled with reminiscences of this period. Let the present writer recount a few truthful experiences:

A young Professor of Latin, who was continually called by the suggestive title of "Miss Fanny," was the subject of many a cruel joke.

Sulphuretted hydrogen was very frequently broken in large bottles on entering his room, with the utmost bewilderment on the part of those who entered as to who the author was.

Fifty-cent fire-crackers would be thrown into the room after the fashion of—

"The rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air," of our nation's greatest song. But though every one was willing to run for water, and innumerable men were apparently injured, either seriously or fatally, no one could ever find out from which Sophomore crowding into that Latin room the "fiery dart was hurled." On one occasion "Miss Fanny" could scarcely be seen for the sulphurous thickness of the atmosphere—

"When furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy."

One day, while we were deep in Horace,

"The tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells—"

was heard in the room, and a mouse with a bell round its neck was seen playing pussy wants a corner with the different angles of the rooms. Thereupon the unhappy professor said to the wretch nearest the door, "Mr. —, will you please open the door in

order to let that animal go out?" But this was just the thing the class did not want, and accordingly at that very moment, when the eyes of all in the room were fixed upon the *ridiculus mus*, a heavy "Liddell and Scott" was successfully planted between the advancing mouse and the open door, and since it was a *vis a tergo* whose whence could never be known, it sent the mouse back again to the resonant corners, and the recitation went on "to the music of the bells."

On another occasion, in the same room, a large white pigeon, a sad burlesque on the cooing dove of Peace, was let loose as the class crowded in at the door. The windows were guarded on the outside by wire-nettings to keep off maliciously-disposed projectiles *ab extra*, and therefore the very deliverance from one form of evil was the plague and nuisance to the other. At last, after several vain attempts to dislodge the bird from maps and black-boards, the frightened thing flew to a bookcase overlooking the professor's table, and surveyed the scene from above. Hereupon a pair of rubber shoes were thrown at it, which lodged on the top of the bookcase. After the recitation, a piously-disposed youth who was studying for the ministry, and was known as "Parson Reed-birds," went up to claim his articles of apparel, and was at once marked "zero," and summoned before the Faculty as a *particeps criminis*. In vain he protested that he had not thrown the rubbers, that he would not do such a thing, that they had been seized by some other man who was afraid to take his own. It would not do! Here was circumstantial evidence sufficient to convict him, and poor Parson Reedbirds went before the Faculty for an admonition.

Another professor, a teacher of German, was once very much disturbed by an unruly bench full of Juniors.

At last, in his despair, he exclaimed: "That bench will leave the room, and will stay outside."

Whereupon the young rascals carried out the bench and left it outside, and blandly returned to other seats.

"No, no," said the professor, "I do not mean that. I mean the young men will go out and the bench will return."

So the young men brought back the bench and sat on it, as though this was all that could reasonably be expected of them.

Another professor, who was the pink of propriety, was sadly disconcerted in the midst of a lecture upon Edmund Spenser by about a dozen roughs and sporting characters, who came into the room without knocking, with all manner of dogs to sell.

Finally, one Irishman let the cat out of the bag (if we may use such an expression in a dog-story) by saying:

"Well, thin, shure, an' why did ye's ad-vertise for a dog betwixt the hours of tin and eleven the day, if ye's nivir wanted one?"

And then he presented a dirty scrap of paper, which read as follows:

"WANTED, a dog; any breed will answer; highest price paid for mongrel pups. Apply to Professor —, Room No. 3. — University. Bring the dogs between the hours of ten and eleven."

Another professor, of whom every one was, with reason, well afraid, was in the habit of getting off bright retorts on the delinquent students.

One man, who had on a certain occasion stood for half an hour silently anchored to a black-board like a horse tied to his manger, was finally accosted as follows:

"Well, Mr. Jones, you have stood there for some time. Now, how do you explain your problem?"

Jones, who had no idea of the problem or of any human interpretation of it, made one deep dive down into the recesses of his memory, and brought up one stray principle.

"Well, sir," he said, "I explain it by the principle that the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence."

"That will do, sir," said the professor, visibly marking a round O opposite his name in the class-roll; "if your angle of reflection was only a little less obtuse, we would not have such incidents as these."

On another occasion this same professor said to a student who had blundered terribly through a recitation:

"How far off are you from a fool?"

"I suppose," replied the student, measuring the distance between himself and the professor's table, "about seven feet and a half."

The professor's eyes twinkled as he said: "It's a pity, sir, you confine your brightness only to your answers!"

The hardest time I ever saw a college professor pushed happened to an elderly gentleman, who was appointed teacher in drawing to a Freshman class, who were feeling their way well into a state of Sophomorehood. The poor man entered upon his duty at the beginning of a third term. He did not know one of the class, and had never taught before. When the roll of sixty members was called, it was enlarged by the caller to about one hundred and fifty—Christopher Columbus Smith, Michael Angelo Jones, Julius Caesar Johnson, Scipio Africanus Brown, etc., etc. All answered "Here!" It was a full month before any of the class were identified, since there were no recitations made, and when the poor man's back was turned to explain his diagrams, the wooden models of bridges and churches were inverted, church-steeple were put on Corinthian columns, and Doric pillars crowned block models of cathedrals, and these were all quickly transcribed to the eager drawing-book. At last, at a given signal, the whole class would rise, as if the bell had sounded, and the clock, which had been set forward half an hour, would confirm the action of the rogues by pointing seriously to two o'clock. Whereupon the old gentleman would say, "Well, well; my watch must be slow," and thus the exercises would come to a close.

One trick, to take up the time of a very argumentative Professor of Metaphysics, was to raise some point as to what Reid had said on the other side, or what Sir William Hamilton had said in opposition to the professor's explanation the day before, and thus draw him out on a lengthy explanation. But, finally, it was found that the professor could

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use up fifty-five minutes in explaining a point raised on the day previous, and could then shirk half the class in the remaining five minutes.

One amiable professor was sadly put to in trying to get delinquent students to give definite and explicit statements of history. Men who knew nothing of the subject would palm off a row of glittering generalities, which would leave the professor in great doubt as to how he should mark them. The way in which he would quietly and slowly say "Yes," when all the time he meant "No," and then pondered over the merits of the recitation, was most amusing.

"Mr. —, will you give me an account of the battle of Marengo?"

"Certainly, Professor —. I will now describe the battle of Marengo: the battle of Marengo was a terrible and bloody affair. Thousands were slain on both sides, and many were wounded and taken prisoners. Many furious attacks were made on both sides. The cavalry of each army had several desperate encounters, and the repulses by the artillery were very severe. At last, after various minor incidents, victory alighted on the standard of Napoleon, and he became the conqueror of the field. Such, in brief, is the history of the battle of Marengo!"

"Yes, sir," was invariably the answer. "You are essentially correct in your statements, but a little general in your particulars!"

AT THE MORGUE.

O TENDER, kind, and true!

What harm could come to you,
My rarest one, my fairest one, the sweetest
flower that grew?
Would God, the hand that did the deed, that
deed could now undo!

Ah, how my heart has bled!
What tears my eyes have shed—
To think that shame has stained her name, and
soiled her golden head!
O coarsely-coffined clay!
The first sweet flowers of May
Bloomed round the feet I went to meet that
well-remembered day!

The old remembered place
Holds still her haunting face;
I see once more her fairy form in all its girlish
grace;
And when I stand apart,
In busy street or mart,
I feel again her fingers fair come clinging
round my heart!

Was any word unsaid?
Was any prayer unprayed?
Was any eager dream of youthful longing un-
allayed?
What bitter, bitter sin
Had the dark city's din
Within its evil bosom hid, thy spotless soul
to win?

Hush! hush! no word of blame!
Let no vile tongue defame
That little word—the tenderest word that
womanhood can claim—
For the angels round the throne in heaven will
know her by that name!

Methinks one missing ring,
Where shining seraphs sing,
They will not miss who watch the weeds of
woe around her cling!
Ah, will they heed that lack, indeed, who
stand before the King!

Shut down the coffin-lid,
And let my love be hid;
Of one more angel face and form this base,
base world is rid!
Slow let the death-bell toll,
Till its iron echoes roll
Their tide of mournful memories through all
my shuddering soul!

How shall I pass the heavy hours? How shall
I bear to sit
In my lonely-lighted chamber, when the ghost-
ly shadows flit
Over the mournful monument that marks her
resting-place,
While all the stars that crown the night seem
clustering round her face?

Now close the vault of stone,
And leave me here alone;
A blight is on the cold, gray world, its bud
and bloom are flown!
Through many and many a weary hour of bit-
terness and pain,
When spring-time brings the budding flowers,
and autumn brings the rain,
I wait till death shall claim me his and make
the meaning plain!

EDWARD RENAUD.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT has often been said that the lack of an international copyright law is the reason why American literature lags behind that of the leading European countries. The argument advanced is that so long as publishers can obtain foreign books for little or nothing, they will prefer to reprint these rather than publish American books, the writers of which must be paid. It has been pointed out how impossible it is for native writings to compete with foreign productions so long as the latter may be pirated at pleasure, and that our national policy drives talent to law or trade that otherwise might reflect honor upon us in works of learning or imagination.

Our readers will recall Charles Reade's eloquent utterances in emphasizing this view of the question. He asserted that we were thinking, working, speaking, and doing every thing—except writing—at a rate of march without a rival, and failing to write simply because we suppressed literary invention at home by accepting that of Europe without remuneration.

While it is certainly true that foreign literature in being here so freely offered and eagerly read does decidedly repress American effort in this direction, we think it can be shown that copyright has very little to do with this much-deplored result. Foreign literature has an immense advantage over native literature because of certain practical

business operations that the non-existence of international copyright scarcely affects at all, and which neither treaties nor laws can alter. How this is so we will proceed to explain.

Of the immense number of books written abroad a small proportion only see the light in printed form. The foreign publisher makes his selection of the manuscripts offered to him, and prints those only that he thinks will meet with public approval. The American publisher, in reprinting foreign books, starts, therefore, with the advantage of a selected class from which his selections for reprinting may be made. Nor is this all. He not only has the opportunity of selecting from that which has been gleaned, but he is enabled to choose those books that have passed the test of critical judgment. He need only reprint the books of authors who have made their mark. It is obvious that for pure business reasons he must prefer to publish books that involve no risk—books that, having received in advance a foreign approval, are sure to meet with at least a measure of success here—rather than accept and publish home productions that are quite as likely to fail as to succeed. Ordinary business instinct and simple business precaution, therefore, give foreign authors an immense advantage over native ones, regardless of the question of copyright. That copyright influences this natural trade-preference very little is obvious from the fact that on very nearly all the better class of English books reprinted here a voluntary copyright is now paid. It is thus seen that American literature suffers from the operation of certain business principles and certain natural laws which international conventions or arrangements cannot change. So long as men do business for profit, our American authors must remain at disadvantage unless they can devise a plan whereby this natural business operation can be offset by other business principles.

In the drama the operation we have described acts more conspicuously and effectively than in book-publishing. It costs a great deal of money to produce a new play. There must be new scenery, new costumes, many weeks of rehearsal, much advertising. It is always a lottery whether a play will succeed or not. That manager has never been found whose judgment in an untried drama could be trusted as infallible; in fact, no manager ever lived who did not make many mistakes, and so hazardous is the business that very few people of capital are willing to accept its great risks. It is, therefore, perfectly obvious that managers will be sure to watch the English and Paris stage for the purpose of reproducing here those dramas that meet with success there, rather than risk their time and money upon untried

American plays. Copyright does not affect their decision or their course in the least, inasmuch as they promptly pay the foreign author of a successful play. It is clear that our native drama must languish so long as these imperative business principles operate against it.

Is there no remedy for this condition of things? There is one. If it so happened that the American public demanded native books and plays; gave marked preference to the protection of home authors and home dramatists; would not buy with avidity Reade and Trollope, nor flock with eagerness to listen to "Caste" and "Rose Michel," but insisted upon having writings touched with native coloring, and showed their love for plays that portrayed American life and character, a business principle would be set in operation that would speedily remedy the present evil. If the public were charged through and through with an intense nationalism—if its tastes were wholly foreign to European thought, and wholly in sympathy with native genius, it would not then be possible for managers or publishers to wait upon European opinion; they would be compelled instead to search for and bring forth home talent. They are at best no more than caterers, who study the tastes and obey the commands of their patrons. Our public taste, our nationalism, our preferences, these alone are to determine whether native productions of the imagination are to flourish or not—whether we are to remain an intellectual colony of Europe, or become in the arts a true independency.

It is worthy of note that Webster's Dictionary has obtained in England a general recognition as an authority for definitions. In the last *Fortnightly* Professor Tyndall quotes it, which is not perhaps at all surprising; but that the conservative and excessively anti-American *Blackwood* should accept a Yankee dictionary as an authority, which it does in its last number, is really significant. It must be remembered that these instances refer solely to the authority of Webster as to definitions. The English have so far evinced no disposition to accept the innovations of the Connecticut school-master either as to orthography or orthoepy. Whether English students will be likely to continue consulting a dictionary for its definitions and yet resist its example in other things, may be considered rather doubtful. If in the course of time English prejudices should yield to the insinuating suggestions of Webster, and the *æ* begin to disappear from the English *honour* and kindred words, and *æ* fall away from *almanack*, and *æ* turn up shorn of its final vowel, the revolution would be a very singular one in view of the fact that Webster was

largely prompted to his innovations by a desire to frame an American-English, something patriotically distinctive from the vernacular of the mother-country. The zealous school-master insisted that we should follow the achievement of our political independence by a literary and lingual separation; and hence it would be a strange result if it should prove that he did his work of change so well, based it upon principles so good, that eventually the antagonist he was scouting comes to his way of thinking.

Webster's innovations, however, have so far only resulted in a few discords and vexations. The two countries are now so nearly a unit in literary feeling, that it is highly desirable we should employ a common method in our signs and symbols. There are not only certain marked differences between English spelling and our own, but also between Boston and New York, between the North and the South. Even in the same town books of different publishers will often follow different authorities, and one morning paper will talk of *plough*, while another severely prints the word *plow*. These differences perplex the general public and vex the literary worker. An English author, who discovers in an American reprint of his books a strange and hence disfiguring orthography, is not rendered very amiable thereby, or very appreciative of American taste. We have even known American authors, with strong preferences for the English mode of spelling, highly enraged and disgusted at finding their productions sent forth in what seemed to them a mangled orthography. In view of these facts, it is assuredly quite time that writers should agree upon some one authority, should unite in discovering that which is correct between the several conflicting usages, and adopt some plan for establishing uniformity. The opinion of no individual should be binding, should even command respect in a matter where opinion cannot be decisive. The authoritative dictionary should not reflect the notions of a Webster, the opinions of a Worcester, the convictions of a Johnson or a Smart; it should express the united wisdom of scholars drawn from different sections, and have the weight of a convention or of an institution. Let Oxford and Cambridge in England unite with Harvard and Yale in America in sending delegates to a convention for composing a dictionary which shall represent the accordant best culture of the two countries. A dictionary thus prepared, having the sanction of the leading English and American colleges, would be absolute. It would be binding upon all writers hoping for recognition in letters, and, being universally accepted in the schools, would soon bring English-speaking people generally to a uniform orthography and pronunciation.

An English writer regrets that it is impossible to register "happy thoughts" and take out a patent for them. Most men, he tells us, who work in any field of thought or art find that bright ideas occur to them—ideas which are destined to have a glorious future—but for one cause or another they lack time or opportunity to throw them into form, permitting them to rest lovely pearls in the brain. Sometimes these happy thoughts require slow maturing:

"The perfectly original plot takes slow form and shape. Have we not been told that M. Feuilleton thinks for a year over his? The characters group themselves, incidents are suggested by experience, witty sayings flash across the mind, and yet the pen is not put to paper. Only by living thus with his characters can the novelist get to know them, and make his readers know them. Or perhaps the happy thought is less mature; it is merely a taking title that has occurred to the mind, something brief, odd, suggestive, not vulgar. This thought is a nucleus, and out of it, as out of a germ, the characters begin shyly to gather and grow, while all the time the inventor is hard at work at some other project. Then one morning the unhappy man looks through the literary advertisements, and finds that his dear title—the brief, the odd, the suggestive, the not vulgar—has been seized by another, is copyrighted, is 'in the press,' or 'just out.' . . . There is nothing to be done in such circumstances, and nothing to be done in an even more trying situation. It will sometimes happen that a man gives many years to collecting material for a learned work, and he may even have put down much in writing, when suddenly a book on his own, his beloved topic, appears, and fills the public mind."

This is an unhappy experience, indeed, for an author. Perhaps some one can invent a plan by which the first title to an idea may be established, and the originator protected. Copyright will not do it, for copyright, as a rule, does not protect ideas, but rather the form and structure in which the ideas are imbedded. The inventor enjoys here an advantage over the author, inasmuch as he can protect his thought, provided only that he put it in a concrete form by means of a model. The idea of a patent cannot be stolen, inasmuch as the idea and the form are indissolubly united; but in literature miniature models of a novel or a play cannot be framed. The happy conception can take no form but its final one, and the luckless originator who whispers it in his sleep, gives a hint of it at table over his wine, drops a clew ever so cautiously in the friendly chat, runs the risk of being anticipated by some adroit and swifter worker than himself.

If it were possible to patent literary ideas, the national museum that held them in store would tell a stranger story even than the patent-office does of marvelous ingenuity, fantastic fancy, and queer caprice. What wonderful plots of wonderful tragedies would there be held in sacred trust; what plans for

novels complicated political would be managed between A museum devised, and invent keep from

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We are a notably assemblies

novels of amazing adventure and intricate complications; what outlines of theories for political, social, and moral reform! Here would be proof of the extent that stubborn managers and incapable publishers interpose between the lights of genius and the public. A museum of ideas in literature ought to be devised, if only to show the wealth of thought and invention that hapless circumstances keep from coming to brilliant fruition.

WE quoted recently in our "Miscellanea" a paragraph from the *Sanitary Record*, an English journal, in which it was urged that every one should make of his breakfast a hearty meal, instead of the light repast so common in Europe, and so frequently advocated here by writers upon sanitary matters. The view taken by the *Record* is supported by Dr. King Chambers, who has been publishing in England a series of practical essays upon meals and meal-times. His first homily is devoted to this question of breakfasts. Dr. Chambers appreciates to the full that pithy question which was put by a clergyman to one of his brethren, who was contemplating whether he should accept a bishopric, "My dear brother, do you digest?" If Dr. Chambers does not go the length of believing that success in love, feats of statesmanship, the triumph of sects, and victories in battle, are in no small degree the results of a good digestion, he at least thinks that this is a greatly-underrated element of daily life. He tells us that food is most easily digested early in the day; *ergo*, he insists that people should not only take a substantial breakfast, but that its substance should be food which is at once the most necessary for health and "the most troublesome for the stomach to cope with." He exclaims loudly against any artificial stimulants before breakfast, and even decries a cup of cold water, either before or after. Naturally follows the advice to "rest awhile" after breakfast, thus reversing the old dietary maxim. In a word, he tells us that we must lay in our most solid stock of nutriment when our digestive organs are most vigorous, and that in the evening, when brain and body are weary, we should be tender of them and not load the stomach with new and exhausting labors. All this seems good and wise advice, and Dr. Chambers is to be heartily thanked for entering so minutely into the practical philosophy of "little things," and for going so far as to indicate exactly what we should begin the day by doing in order to have that good digestion which foreruns success.

WE are not aware that the Italian Senate is a notably disorderly body, as legislative assemblies go, yet a novel element of har-

mony has just been introduced into it by the royal will. The composer of "Ernani" and "Il Trovatore," in short, has been created a senator for life, and has taken his seat among the generals, diplomats, and nobles, who compose that august conclave. It is probably the first time in history that eminence in the art of music has been recognized by the award of political honors. It is true that in England Jules Benedict and Michael Costa have been dubbed Knights of the Bath; while in recent times it has become customary, especially with the smaller German potentates, to scatter orders and decorations freely among actors and musicians. The late Ira Aldridge, for instance, the negro tragedian whom Edmund Kean picked up as a boy in Baltimore, and taught to be a very meritorious *Othello*, was a Bavarian baron; and his broad breast was covered with a host of stars which delighted royalty had lavished on him here and there. We have always observed that wizards, ventriloquists, and necromancers, are especially favored—if we can believe their own vauntings and the jewels they display—with this sort of distinction. But Verdi's creation as a Senator of Italy is the first solid dignity of a political character which actor or composer has received. Neither Germany nor Italy, indeed, the two nations which have been most fruitful in musical authorship, has been very generous to the great music-writers. Even Mozart died poor, and Beethoven had a terrible life of it from first to last; Haydn never escaped an existence of virtual dependence upon a patron; Händel had to go to England, and Rossini and Meyerbeer to Paris, to reap the adequate rewards of their genius. It is pretty hard to discern any congruity between musical skill and legislative ability; yet there is something pleasing to the fancy in the idea of Verdi sitting among the political sages of melodious Italy. Music constitutes so much of the life and happiness of Italians of every rank and condition, it is so much a part and parcel of the national genius, that, as far as the sentiment of the thing goes, there is a sort of poetical justice in Verdi's senatorial honors.

Correspondence.

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE, }
November 30, 1875. }

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly permit me the use of your columns to say a few words about your quotation from the *Athenæum* in the JOURNAL of the 27th instant, on the question as to whether it is correct to say *rather a droll remark* or *a rather droll remark*?

It will be readily conceded, by all who have devoted attention to linguistic studies, that the *logic* of a sentence is one thing, the *syntax* quite another. Thus, *He was powerful*, and

At his touch crowns crumbled, have the same general meaning; but the *peculiar* affinities of the words in one of these sentences could hardly be illustrated by the other.

Such a periphrasis as that given by the *Athenæum's* correspondent, "One would sooner say that that is a droll remark than that it is not a droll remark," may undoubtedly exhibit the *logical force* of *rather*; but manifestly it cannot show the *grammatical process* through which this force is obtained, because the syntactical collocations are entirely altered. We might as well hope to explain the function of *perfectly* in *He is perfectly truthful*, by *It is perfectly well known that he is truthful*.

Allowing that *rather logically* affects the whole predicate *is a droll remark*, the theory of *syntax* requires that every word in a sentence should adhere especially to some other word—except in certain licensed figures. It is necessary, then, to find some word to which *rather* belongs more intimately than to any other.

This word cannot be either *is* or *remark*—and, of course, it cannot be *a*. It cannot be *is*, because it is admitted that *this is* something; it cannot be *remark*, because it is admitted that *this is a remark*; and these admissions are obviously unmodified and unmodifiable. *Is*, being a simple copula, is nothing but a symbol, and is no more capable of modification than the sign of equality in algebra. A thing either *is* something or *is not*; there are no means between these extremes. Besides, *is*, being *neuter*, can be joined only to an adjective, under any circumstances; in the periphrasis, *say* is a transitive verb, and admits the adverb. When *is* denotes actual existence, as *God is*, of course, it takes the adverb; but to claim this use for *is* in the sentence before us, would be to reject *is* as a copula altogether. It is admitted that *this is a remark* of some sort; the question is, *what sort*? There is only one word left in the predicate for *rather* to adhere to, and that is *droll*; therefore *rather* must modify the meaning of this, which it obviously does. The *remark* is not absolutely *droll*, but so near to it that, if we were confined, in describing it, to the expressions *droll* and *not droll*, we would rather take the former. From what has been said it is clear that the word *rather* must modify *droll*, whether we say *rather a droll* or a *rather droll*, the idea to be expressed being the same in both forms.

We now come to discuss the difference of position. We may state at the outset that both constructions are sound, though usage seems to prefer the first form.

The correspondent of the *Athenæum*, if he is a classical scholar, must know that change in position by no means produces change in grammatical connection, and that this is particularly true where the *article* is involved.

In English, as a rule, adverbial modifiers precede their adjectives, and the article, if used, goes just before the combination, the substantive bringing up the rear, as *He is a very good man, I am wretchedly tired*. But there is one class of sentences in which the general law is for the most part violated—sentences of *comparison* and *degree*. Thus, while we may say without difference, syntactical or logical, *He is truly a good man*, or *He is a truly good man*; *The wisest man that ever I saw*, or *The wisest man that I ever saw*; we usually say *So fair a maid, As fair a maid, How fair a maid, Such a fair maid, Many a maid*; and *rather*, being a *comparative* word, follows this usage. Yet the particularly close connection of *rather* with the word it modifies

is so explicitly shown in some languages where the idea is conveyed by the *comparative degree of the modified adjective*, that it is not difficult to account for the preference some have for the form—a rather droll remark. The syntax, we have already said, is unaltered.

Perhaps the best example of the statement that change of position does not necessitate change of regimen, is to be seen in the word *only*. This word, despite the attempts of purists to clip its wings, still ranges at large over the whole sentence, occupying almost all positions at will, retaining the same syntactical regimen. It must be admitted, however, that in a language deprived of inflectional aids, as the English is, much change of position is precarious.

I have been so lengthy in this communication because the *Athenæum* is regarded as high authority in literary matters, and its mistakes must not be passed over. I hope I have said enough to show the futility of linguistic criticism, unless conducted on a scientific basis; and if what I have said is true, I trust that I have presented it in rather a new light, or a rather new light, as you may choose.

Yours respectfully,
CASKIE HARRISON.

Literary.

THE "Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher" * is disappointing. It would seem impossible that an intelligent person whose life extended over the long period from 1770 to 1858, and who passed a large portion of that life in relations more or less intimate with such people as Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Wordsworth, Southey, Campbell, Hartley Coleridge, Crabbe, Allan Cunningham, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, Sir Thomas Erskine, Dr. Arnold, Mazzini, Joanna Bailie, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Aikin, Harriet Martineau, and many other celebrities of the past and present generations, should not have something of interest to tell us; and yet substantially the whole of the "Autobiography" is taken up with details of family-life, and records of personal experience, which are of the faintest possible interest to the general public. It is evidently the work of a woman in whom the affections were very much stronger than the intellect, whose recollections and sympathies ran in a singularly narrow circle, and to whom the birth of a child, the marriage of a son, or the death of an aunt, were matters of vastly greater importance, even after an interval of many years, than the character or achievements of the greatest among her contemporaries. Almost the only interest outside her own family-life which seems really to have moved her, was politics; and it is in the index which it affords of the difference of political feeling between our own and the previous generation that the book is chiefly valuable. In our day of political pococurantium, it is scarcely possible to realize a state of things in which to be a Liberal in Edinburgh was to be suspected not only of

* Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher. With Letters and other Family Memorials. Edited by the Survivor of her Family. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1876.

intellectual obliquity, but of moral turpitude and infamous practices; and yet nothing can be plainer than that Mrs. Fletcher and her husband suffered a persecution, none the less real because it did not take the form of personal violence, for sentiments which the most rigid of English Conservatives would not at present hesitate to avow. Of the gradual amelioration of this political fanaticism, the "Autobiography" affords curious evidence; and it is hardly too much to say that Mrs. Fletcher herself was largely instrumental in bringing it about in Edinburgh, which had hitherto been its hot-bed.

In one of the numerous letters which the volume contains, Mrs. Fletcher is described as having "a most extensive acquaintance with literary persons," and her conversation as "a stream of lively anecdote continually flowing." Of this latter quality, as we have already said, the "Autobiography" itself shows singularly little. In very few instances is any thing told of persons outside her own family, beyond the circumstance of meeting them; and the following is the one solitary anecdote which the book contains, and this is not wholly new:

"The latter part of the year 1802 was interesting to us in a public way, by the commencement of the *Edinburgh Review*. We were fortunate enough to be acquainted more or less intimately with several of the earlier contributors, Mr. (now Lord) Brougham, Mr. Jeffrey, Dr. John Thomson, Mr. John Allen, Francis Horner, and James Grahame, the author of 'The Sabbath.' . . . I, who knew Edinburgh both before and after the appearance of the *Edinburgh Review*, can bear witness to the electrical effects of its publication on the public mind, and to the large and good results in a political sense that followed its circulation. The authorship of the different articles was discussed at every dinner-table, and I recollect a table-talk occurrence at our house which must have belonged to this year. Mr. Fletcher, though not himself given to scientific inquiry or interests, had been so much struck with the logical and general ability displayed in an article of the young *Review*, on Professor Black's 'Chemistry,' that in the midst of a few guests, of whom Henry Brougham was one, he expressed an opinion (while in entire ignorance of its authorship) to the effect that the man who wrote that article might do or be any thing he pleased. Mr. Brougham, who was seated near me at table, stretched eagerly forward and said, 'What, Mr. Fletcher, be any thing? May he be Lord-Chancellor?' On which my husband repeated his words with emphasis, 'Yes, Lord-Chancellor, or any thing he desires.' This seems to confirm Lord Cockburn's words in another place concerning the young Henry Brougham of the Speculative Society, that he even then 'scented his quarry from afar.'"

Mrs. Somerville's "Personal Recollections" proves that a book can be destitute of all those attractions for which we usually seek the memoirs or autobiographies of celebrated persons, or of those who have associated with celebrated persons, and still have a high value in affording us an intimate view of a pure, cultivated, and noble woman. But even in this respect Mrs. Fletcher's "Autobiography" fails. Being written solely for private circulation among friends and relatives, it takes for granted

their knowledge of many things which would doubtless modify the apparently egotistical tone of the narrative. For this reason, if for no other, we think the publication of the "Autobiography" a mistake. Its interest on general grounds is slight, and it does less than justice to a character which, according to the uniform testimony of those who knew her, must have been exceptionally lovable and elevated.

DR. VAN LENNEP'S "Bible Lands" * is almost too important a work to be dealt with in a cursory notice, and yet to treat it analytically on an adequate scale would require more space than we can command. It is a great contribution to Scriptural exegesis, its object being to throw such light as can be derived from the manners and customs of the modern inhabitants of Bible lands upon the social, religious, and political life of Bible times. Though in the eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since the last page of the Scriptures was penned the lands of the Bible have passed through many vicissitudes and been overrun by diverse nations, yet it is the uniform testimony of all who visit the East that in no other portion of the globe have traditions, customs, and even modes of thought, been preserved with such fidelity and tenacity. This being the case, it is evident that the actual, existing East, and especially the manners and customs of its present inhabitants, is the most luminous of all commentaries on the Bible itself; and Dr. Van Lennep does not exaggerate its importance when he compares a picture of this East to a well-preserved copy of a portion of the Holy Scriptures which may prove of the utmost use in restoring the original, now somewhat defaced by the tooth of Time.

The branch of study thus indicated is not entirely new, but no writer so well equipped as Dr. Van Lennep has hitherto entered the field. Besides being a man of parts and learning, he has spent almost a lifetime in the East, and enjoyed unrivaled opportunities of intercourse with all classes of the people. A considerable portion of his picture, therefore, is drawn from the life; and, even where he uses the materials gleaned from others, his experience enables him to apply such tests as would conclusively indicate their true value. In arranging his materials, the author groups them under two divisions: "Customs which have their Origin in the Physical Features of Bible Lands," and "Customs which have an Historical Origin." Under the first he treats of the geology, geography, climate, and other physical features of Palestine and surrounding countries, including their productions and natural history. Under the second he discusses their ethnology and language, and describes the houses, furniture, customs, habits, manners, industries, government, and religion, of the present inhabitants. The plan, in itself comprehensive, is carried out on a liberal scale; but, though the matter is abundant and the style elaborate, the attention of the reader is

* Bible Lands: their Modern Customs and Manners illustrative of Scripture. By the Rev. Henry J. Van Lennep, D. D. With Maps and Cuts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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seldom fatigued. Of course, in a work like this, completeness and fidelity are the essential points, and Dr. Van Lennep rightly considers that the literary graces are a subordinate matter.

The volume fairly overflows with pictures, all of which are useful, and many of which are beautiful specimens of engraving. It also contains two colored maps of the Bible lands, one physical and the other ethnological; and a capital double index completes a work which reflects credit upon author and publishers alike.

It is reported of Boston that no *littérateur* there is considered to have won his spurs until he has published a volume of poetry. If this be the origin of Mr. George P. Lathrop's "Rose and Roof-Tree" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.), we congratulate him upon the promptness with which he has gained his initiation as well as upon the merit of the poems themselves. There is nothing strikingly original in the collection—there is, indeed, a faint echo in some of the pieces of a poet whose influence upon contemporary verse is growing wider and wider; but the inspiration is genuine of its kind, the sentiment pure and refined, and the verse for the most part musical and graceful. Mr. Lathrop is content to play upon minor chords; his muse is idyllic rather than lyrical; and he is most happy in his descriptions of Nature. Some of the descriptive pieces are extremely pleasing; though in the "Rime of the Rain" and the "Chant for Autumn" the experiments in intricate metrical harmonies rather tend to divert the attention from the sensuous word-painting which should monopolize it. The less elaborate pieces are better, and the following is one of several which struck us as very good indeed:

"THE SUN-SHOWER.

"A penciled shade the sky doth sweep,
And transient glooms creep in to sleep
Amid the orchard;
Fantastic breezes pull the trees
Hither and you, to vagaries
Of aspect tortured.

"Then, like the downcast, dreamy fringe
Of eyelids, when dim gates unhang
That locked their tears,
Falls on the hill a mist of rain—
So faint, it seems to fade again;
Yet swiftly nears.

"Now sparkles the air, all steely-bright,
With drops swept down in arrow-flight,
Keen, quivering lines,
Ceased in a breath the showery sound;
And teasingly, now, as I look around,
Sweet sunlight shines!"

As a specimen of ingenious and sustained psychological analysis, Mr. Henry James, Jr.'s, "Roderick Hudson" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) is a wonderful production; but as a novel it fails to stand the crucial test. It is surprising, indeed, that a book which is so good in many ways—so subtle in its insight, so full of the finest fruits of culture, and so eloquent withal—should fail so utterly in the essential point of impressing us with the objective reality of the people to whom it introduces us. The difficulty seems to be that, with all his knowledge of human nature and insight into character, Mr. James cannot conceive a *person*. The motives of any given

course of action, the influence of antecedents and circumstances upon character, and the complex effects which in human life flow from an apparently simple cause, he can trace with marvelous skill; but he does not seem able to construct in thought the process by which a person reveals his personality, and becomes individual in the apprehension of others. The characters in "Roderick Hudson" are far from being mere puppets, and yet the action of the story is curiously suggestive of a puppet-show. The author discourses elaborately in explanation of the qualities and characteristics of his several *dramatis personæ*, and then they come on the stage and say or do something to demonstrate the acuteness of his insight. They do not reveal themselves—they have no chance to reveal themselves—they are dissected beforehand with a precision and minuteness which leaves no opportunity for the spontaneous or the unexpected. The very conversation is for the most part a reflection of Mr. James's own mental processes, and even Christina Light, the spoiled child of fashion, talks like a trained metaphysician.

But for this deficiency of dramatic faculty on the part of the author, "Roderick Hudson" might be accepted without hesitation as the long-expected "great American novel." The story is finely conceived, and the book has an indescribable charm. The history of a genius must always be fascinating and impressive, especially if it have *vraisemblance*, and the story of Roderick Hudson's rise and fall is almost terrible in its fidelity to psychological truth. But the great charm of the book lies in the atmosphere of Rome which pervades it—the very flavor of Italy. In no other work, except Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," is the Eternal City made so familiar to our imaginations. It infects one irresistibly with the "Roman fever," and we feel as we read that, if all roads do not in fact lead to Rome, at least none is worth traveling which does not promise to lead there.

In the second part of "The Mysterious Island" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) M. Verne wearies of the problem which he originally set before his castaways—from nothing to produce every thing—and begins to work the miracles which so disgusted him in the case of "The Swiss Family Robinson." At a time when they were very much in need of material for sails and clothing, he discovers for them the case of the balloon in which they were originally lost; and he saves Captain Harding and his companions much ingenuity and labor by casting ashore at an opportune moment an immense chest containing every thing in the way of tools, weapons, instruments, utensils, clothes, and books, that colonists could desire. Evidently, too, he is coquetting with a sort of *deus ex machina*, who has already begun to extend "metaphysical aid" to the castaways, and who will doubtless be instrumental in their ultimate rescue. But, while the integrity of the original design is thus sacrificed, the story is well sustained, and even increases in interest. There is no longer any doubt that it will be one of Verne's best, or that it possesses merits which will secure for it a permanent place

in the fascinating literature of castaways. It hardly detracts from these merits, and it certainly enhances the amusement to be derived from the book, that we encounter here and there such novel bits of information as that Martha's Vineyard is "a port in the State of New York," and that the editor of the *New York Herald* is "the Honorable John Benett." As in the previous volume, the illustrations are good and the translation bad.

PROFESSOR A. C. KENDRICK's first collection of "Our Poetical Favorites" (New York: Sheldon & Co.) met with such wide acceptance as to induce him to bring out a second and complementary series. The first series was devoted exclusively to shorter pieces, and suffered somewhat from the omission of such universal favorites as Milton's "Comus," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," and Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." The new series includes all these, and many others which fall properly into a collection designed chiefly to comprise longer pieces. As to the merit of the selection, it is enough to say that Professor Kendrick has confined himself to such minor poems as have already secured popular favor. He makes no attempt to secure an audience for neglected poetry, new or old, or to guide popular taste by applying a standard of excellence. His sole test is popularity; and the chief value of his two volumes lies in the fact that in them he brings together a large proportion of those poems which are most often in the mind of intelligent readers.

MR. B. L. FARJEON's "An Island Pearl" (New York: Harper & Brothers) is a rather brief story, but it contains enough of impossible coincidence, brassy sensationalism, and pretentious writing, to furnish forth two or three of the ordinary three-volume novels. The tale is of the sea, and turns upon the thrice-familiar episode of a shipwreck followed by long residence upon a desolate island; and we cannot say that Mr. Farjeon has redeemed a necessarily painful plot by any of that imaginative realism or grace of style with which Charles Reade, for example, imbues his "Foul Play." In fact, it is hard to find in this essentially commonplace and feeble story any trace of the author of "Grif," and, except that it is sent out under his own name, we should have done him the justice of supposing that it was the work of some less practised and capable hand.

In a suggestive article on "Style," in a recent number, the *Saturday Review* says: "One of those smart sayings which have become almost too familiar for quotation asserts the identity of a man and his style. We might paraphrase it by saying that the form of expression adopted by a writer or an artist lets us into the deepest secrets of his heart and mind. Nothing is apparently easier than to disguise one's secret thoughts. The most vicious of mankind may sing the praises of virtue, and the most effeminate may affect a virile force of passion, or the most heretical defend an orthodox thesis. But, though in such cases we cannot extract from the condemned work

any distinct series of erroneous statements, we recognize instinctively the hollow ring of the phrases. The sense which guides us is often conversant with such impalpable essences that we may be utterly unable to assign any tangible reason for our strongest criticism. A practised lawyer can tell when a witness is lying, though he cannot tell what fine and half-conscious observations have led him to that conclusion. And the acutest of critics often renounce the task of exhibiting with any precision the evidence on which their conclusions are based. The manner of the writer makes such or such an impression upon them; it has an indefinable magic, or an ineradicable stamp of vulgarity; but they are forced to be content with recording instead of justifying their statements. A high degree of the instinctive judgment which passes such sentences is the mark of the most admirable critics, though it is unfortunately very easily simulated by persons who do not really possess it. This delicate sensibility is undoubtedly the rare and admirable quality which distinguishes the heaven-born critic from the ordinary mob of would-be critics. He can judge instinctively where a claustrum writer is forced to apply his scales and balances, and after all fails to detect the impalpable element which gives the characteristic flavor to the greatest writers."

REFERRING to the announcement that Tupper has composed a Centennial drama called "Washington," which he will try to have represented in this country next year, the *Nation* says: "He [Tupper] has been exposed and riddled by the wit of the English weekly press more thoroughly than any modern writer; his pretensions as a poet have been completely upset over and over again; his philosophy has been shown to be no better than his poetry, and his poetry no improvement on his philosophy. Yet the callous bard goes on, after his kind, producing verses unblushingly, and his readers go on in their ignorance reading them; and, having fought the good fight of mediocrity and triumphed in England, it is no wonder that he should be tempted to conquer a new world on this side of the water."

A WRITER in the *Portnightly Review* says that, "as poets in the truest sense of the word, we English live and breathe through sympathy with the Italians. The magnetic touch which is required to inflame the imagination of the North is derived from Italy. The nightingales of English song which make our oak and beech copses resonant in spring with purest melody are migratory birds who have charged their souls in the South with the spirit of beauty, and who return to warble native wood-notes in a tongue which is their own."

THE latest addition to the list of royal authors is the King of Siam, who has commanded the publication of a small cyclopedia which treats wholly of Siam, its history, geography, literature, and political constitution. The preface will be by the king himself, and one of the most interesting portions of the work will doubtless be an appendix containing a vocabulary of several little-known dialects spoken on the eastern frontier of the Siamese territory.

In summing up an elaborate notice of Boynton's pretentious review of Sherman's "Memoirs," the *Nation* says: "Pending the publication by Congress of all the war-records, General Boynton's painstaking compilation from the files will have real historic value;

but we must in candor repeat that one of the chief points of that value will be the essential aid it gives in demonstrably refuting the charges against General Sherman which his book was intended to prove."

WHITTIER sent this response recently to a request for his autograph—a piece of good-nature which, we trust, will not tempt other applicants:

“ Our lives are albums, written through
With good or ill, with false or true ;
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears ! ”

ADMIRERS of Shelley may rejoice. It is stated that papers will shortly be published showing that the so-called desertion of his first wife Harriett was in no sense his fault. These papers were, by his request, to be kept private until the occurrence of a certain event. They have been so kept, but are now likely before long to come before the world with the proof that he was more sinned against than sinning.

•THE latest additions to Messrs. Osgood & Co.'s new "Little Classic" edition of Hawthorne's works are: "The Marble Faun," in two volumes; "The Blithedale Romance," in one; and "Twice-Told Tales," in two. The series loses nothing of its attractiveness to the eye as it lengthens out on the shelf.

The Arts.

MR. SANFORD N. GIFFORD, who spent most of the last summer in the woods of New Brunswick, has now on his easel two or three fine pictures representing striking atmospheric effects. The most important is a large and low-toned landscape of a still lake, surrounded by high hills. Sweeping up the valley, in the bottom of which nestles the quiet lake, a range of heavy thunder-clouds darken the sky. The windy edge of the storm, of a greenish hue, looks as thick as the smoke from a furnace, and it wraps the ridges of the hill, which it covers, in almost the blackness of ink. Farther up the valley the different thunder-heads roll off toward the light, and through a rift in their marshaled ranks a pale sunbeam breaks the clouds, and slants with pallid gleam upon the tops of high pine-trees and a big rock, which cover one of the near hill-sides. Fluttering in the storm, a white eagle adds still further to the wildness of the wild day; and, as if to enhance the savageness of the picture, a camp of Indians in their wigwags on the edge of the lake show their forms bright against their fires on the shore. The forests which clothe the hills are red with autumn, and their rich tints and the firelight reflect in the lake, alone brightening the gloomy landscape. It is very seldom that we have seen so dark and wild a picture from Mr. Gifford. His paintings are usually so serene, and the skies and sunshine so warm and tender, that such a work as this one comes strangely from his easel.

Mr. Gifford has another study for a large painting, taken from a considerable height, and looking across a hazy valley from one of the ranges of hills that lie west of the

Hudson. A yellow sunset glow fills the great space of the sky, and down below, through the mists, the beholder perceives the pale thread of a distant river, and thin smoke ascending white above scattered house-tops.

ABOUT a week ago a novel and interesting collection of drawings and designs, made in the public schools of Massachusetts, were shown to a small gathering of people at the Cooper Institute. Since the teaching of industrial drawing has become a law in New York State, every thing which has a bearing on the subject has acquired an interest. These drawings, about a hundred in number, were selected at random from the many thousand completed last year in Massachusetts. They are the work of pupils of all ages, from five years old to eighteen. The subjects have a geometrical basis, and begin with combinations of straight lines, ascending by all the stages till the designs reach plant-forms, applied to decoration for plates, cups and saucers, lace, wall-papers, and brass ornaments. The time occupied for this study has been from an hour and a half to two hours a week, and the plan of drawing has now been tried for about three years. Some of the pictures were really very beautiful, and showed an originality and peculiarity that distinguished them from similar English designs, though the pupils work from a basis of English drawing-books, but the fancy which guided their selection and arrangement of forms was not English. It was interesting to observe, in looking at these drawings, traces of thought and fancy which they disclose. Comparing them with the stereotyped copies from the "flat," with which parents and children alike deceive themselves in the idea that they are *learning to draw*, anybody could see the superior value of this work—the result of intellectual activity and ingenuity. It is from such a basis as this, we believe, that any advancement in our native design and extended taste must come. A gentleman, whose boy of seven or eight years old had been studying in this way, told us of his aptitude in analyzing design. The child was looking at a lace curtain, the basis of whose patterns he explained to his father, adding to his remarks a suggestion how certain portions of it might be improved. It is from observation and thought such as this that all advance and invention come, and when we can see the youth of the country who have an aptitude for the arts, occupying their minds with considering the best ways of coloring a carpet, cutting a stone ornament, or filigreeing a brass fender, we may expect that the same invention and ingenuity that conceive and design sewing-machines or start the electric telegraph, will, when they have gathered the facts upon which to generalize, make as strange, as beautiful, and as appropriate ornament as the most genuine line and ingenious thought can anywhere produce.

THE building for the New York Hospital, on Fifteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, is rapidly approaching completion, so far as its exterior is concerned. Already its broad front, one hundred and seventy-five

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feet long on the street, has been raised four stories high, and these stories are each so lofty as to dwarf to comparative insignificance the old, low four and five story buildings which flank it on either side. Size and presence—if the latter term can be properly applied to buildings, which is the usual designation of a personal quality—are the most prominent characteristics of our new buildings—characteristics in which this structure is very conspicuous. It is built mainly of Philadelphia brick, from which it is variegated by other brickwork of varied colors in conspicuous portions of the edifice, with Nova Scotia sandstone, and with Quincy granite, besides some ornament with tiles. Like most of the newer buildings, this structure presents a wall strengthened by brick projections between the windows, and without the useless and vicious pillars that divide each story, as shown in our degraded Renaissance architecture. The windows of the hospital are numerous and lofty, and are grouped irregularly by pairs, with intervening walls made in a diaper pattern of various-hued bricks, or there are small and irregular windows to vary the size and effect of the lines of each story. In the centre of the building, and rising directly from the sidewalk, a broad flight of steps conducts to the main entrance, formed of round-arches. Granite, whose polished lettering and mottoes are relieved by a dull and rough background, forms the material on which are inscribed the year in which the building was erected, together with camomile-flowers, laurels, and the entwined wand of Mercury. Besides Quincy granite, red granite and polished white marble enter into the ornament of this portion of the building, and stained glass will still further enrich a portion of the windows.

Mr. George B. Post is the architect, and, although the building is not possessed of so much variety of form as we could wish, it is quite free from the factory look that often makes such structures monotonous and dreary, and its large size, with the amplitude of all its main features, renders it worthy to rank as one of the finest of our recent buildings.

THOMAS WATERMAN WOOD has just returned to his studio from his summer home in Vermont, and has brought with him, as usual, several fine character-studies, two of which are in the form of finished pictures. The largest work is entitled "The Old Bachelor." It represents the interior of a carpenter-shop, which also is the home of the bachelor occupant. Seated in a quaint wooden chair, with his feet resting upon the head of a cooking-stove, is the figure of an old man. His chair is tipped, and, with his head poised upon the back of his head, he appears the picture of ease and contentment; and this feeling is heightened by the pleased expression of his face as he glances over the news items in the daily paper which he holds in his hand.

On the left, a corner of the work-bench is shown, and hanging upon the wall, and scattered around, are the implements of the carpenter's trade. Like all of Mr. Wood's

canvases, every detail of this work is painted with the most conscientious care. The drawing of the figure is done with precision, and great cleverness as well. In the coloring of the work it is evident that Mr. Wood has adhered strictly to the local color of the old shop, and the tone, though rich and warm, shows none of the crude touches which artists appear so fond of introducing into their studies. For this faithful and realistic work Mr. Wood is deserving of much praise. The companion-study is done in water-colors, and gives a view of the interior of a cooper's shop, with the boss-workman seated astride his "shave-horse." There is a sign of "No Smoking" posted up prominently in the rear end of the shop, but the old fellow does not heed its warning, and proceeds to light his pipe while his eyes twinkle with a merry humor. There is a brilliant effect of light thrown over the figure, and every incident is carefully worked out.

THE *London Daily News*, in an article uttering a few criticisms upon the mania for china and the passion for decoration, concludes as follows: "The fact is, that though good porcelain and elegant furniture, and every thing that Mrs. Malaprop calls articles of 'bigotry and virtue,' are very well in their way, they are not the whole of art. Decoration is not the whole of art, nor the highest field of art. To hear some people's conversation one would suppose that brass finger-plates for doors and brass fenders were of more value than all the works of Phidias. It seems to be held that no one can appreciate art who does not hang blue plates and scraps of rusty tapestry all over his walls; and that Japanese screens, red and yellow, with hideous women engaged in unknown industries, ought to be stuck about a chimney-piece, as a kind of outward and visible sign of inward æstheticism. Not to like spider-legged tables and chairs so hard and slippery that they may be called sliding-seats is a symptom of hardened Philistinism. 'Who will deliver us from the tyranny of Chippendale?' many a stout guest must sigh to himself, as he hardly clings on to the chair of an artistic host. Whoever the late Mr. Chippendale may have been, and his name is a sort of party slogan or battle-cry among the artistic, he was mistaken in supposing that a kind of lace-work in mahogany was the best material for the legs of arm-chairs. Nor was his accomplice, Cheriton, a bit more careful of the comforts of his clients. Now, though we have very little 'style' in this present part of the century, we can at least make comfortable furniture. It is therefore greatly to be desired that the amateurs of Chippendale should also provide themselves with easy-chairs and sofas, whereon their friends may sit, and contemplate in comfort, and with minds free from the distraction of physical pain, the works of the master. We have been as fair as we can to china and to china-mania. But the taste is only one side of a whole theory of art, which tends to exalt sentiment, decorative color, above form and thought. One notices this taste in poetry, which runs more and more to mere music; in painting, which tends to present mere degrees of color and tone, beautifully handled indeed by Mr. Whistler, but not to be imitated by every one in search of a style. There is a kind of cadence and balance even in the prose of some writers which suggests limitless aspirations, vague desires, the sighing of lonely

winds over fields of subtle fragrance, sentiment, dreams, despair. The taste for this kind of prose proves that decorative sentiment is creeping everywhere, encouraging one art to cross the limits of another, till poetry, painting, music, all aim merely at awakening vague subjective emotions rather than at presenting definite, well-considered pictures and thoughts. This may seem a long way from china-mania, and no doubt many china-collectors are the most prosaic of men. But the people who love china for its decorative quality, and who make decoration the highest of the arts, and hold that the happy life should be passed in a glorified curiosity-shop, are the real leaders of the *furor* for porcelain, and make no secret about their views as to art and life on the whole. These views affect literature in the way we have described; and a curious new tone creeps into books out of the *bric-à-brac* shop and the studio."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

November 23, 1875.

M. THEODORE BARRIÈRE and the Théâtre du Vaudeville were united in their ill-luck last season. The "Chemin de Damas," a comedy on which the management of that unlucky theatre founded hopes of a revival of success, proved as flat and entire a failure as did any of its predecessors whose names are lost in the mists of oblivion. The "Procès Veuradioux" broke the evil spell, so far as the theatre was concerned, and the author of "Les Faux Bonshommes" has regained his lost prestige with the delicate, graceful, and charmingly-written comedy of "Les Scandales d'Hier," a Parisian success, which is destined ere long to become an American one, if I am not very much mistaken. It is just the piece for one of the high-comedy theatres of New York, such as Wallack's, the Fifth Avenue, or the Union Square. The plot is interesting, the characters well drawn and sympathetic, and there is scope for very fine acting on the part of nearly all the leading personages; and, notwithstanding a slight "Frenchness" of incident, the moral tone of the piece is good, pure, and elevated. In an English dress, the play might be called "The New School for Scandal," or "The School for Reporters." It gives the history of one of those social scandals that are banded from lip to lip and from ear to ear in fashionable drawing-rooms, and are even alluded to occasionally in the columns of some gossiping newspaper. *Mademoiselle Julie Letellier*, the heroine, is a young lady of good birth but of reduced fortune. The young *Marquise de Lipari* makes her her *demoiselle de compagnie* and reader, with a salary far more in accordance with her former position than with her present services. So lovely is this impoverished damsel that nearly all the young men who frequent the house of the marquise are smitten by her charms. There is one notable exception, the *Baron de Stade*, who is madly in love with the marquise herself. Notwithstanding the age and infirmities of the marquise, the lady repulses the baron's protestations of affection. He lingers behind her guests at a *soirée* in order to take leave of her. Surprised by the entrance of *Julie*, he makes his escape through the window, unseen by the young girl, who, attracted by the unusual noise, however, goes to the window and lingers there for a few mo-

ments looking out into the moonlight. Thus closes the first act.

In the second, *Julie* has become the *Comtesse de Fresnoy*, and, with her husband, is on a visit to the grandmother of the latter, the *Duchesse de Blançay*, a noble dowager of the Faubourg St.-Germain, who, at first scandalized by the misalliance of her grandson, has become perfectly fascinated by the grace and beauty and sweetness of the bride. But a dark cloud arises on the horizon that seems so radiant. The *Vicomtesse de Meillan*, who was formerly beloved by the *Comte de Fresnoy*, vows vengeance on her young and gentle rival. The story of the *Baron de Stade* and his nocturnal escapade becomes known to her. She whispers the story about among her acquaintances, and *Julie*, on going to a grand ball, is insulted and avoided by all the ladies present. The whole *imbroglio* is cleared up by the return of the *Baron de Stade*, who confesses his misdeeds, and offers his hand to the now widowed *Marquise de Lipari*. This brief and necessarily imperfect sketch can give but a faint idea of the charm and interest of the whole piece. The characters of the noble, trusting husband, of the proud, testy, warm-hearted, impetuous old duchess, and of the gentle, wronged heroine herself, are admirably delineated. Then there is the jealous vicomtesse, the evil genius of the piece, and a young scapegrace of a duke, who is a very bewitching young fellow. The vicomtesse figures in two strong scenes—one in the first act, where she tries to lure back the lost affections of *De Fresnoy*, and breaks down in jealous agony; and that in the second act, where she worms the secret of the apparent guilt of *Julie* from an unsuspecting gentleman who was an eye-witness to the escape of *De Stade*, and who saw *Julie* lingering on the balcony. The acting was worthy of the play. *Blanche Pierson*, who can be angel or demi-devil, fashionable dame or virtuous peasant, at will on the boards, played the part of the heroine with the tender sweetness and candid charm that form one phase of her many-sided talent. *Mademoiselle Massin* was superb in beauty and in toilet as the vicomtesse. Since *Pierre Berton* left the *Comédie Française*, he has got his voice out of his nose, and his shoulders from under his ears, and he no longer looks like a scared and piteous novice, but like a handsome and gallant gentleman and an accomplished artist. He played the part of the trustful, loving, indignant husband superbly. *Madame Alexis* as the aged duchess, and *Dieudonné* as the young duke, were delightful. *En somme*, a great and a deserved success for a play admirable as a work of art, and for its healthful tone and pure atmosphere as well.

Rossi continues to draw crowded houses to the *Théâtre Italien* with "Kean," so he will probably continue to play it for some time to come. He was present at the *rentrée* of *Faure* at the *Grand Opéra* the other night. The great barytone appeared as *Hamlet*, and, at the end of the third act, Rossi went to *Faure's* dressing-room to congratulate him. Meeting *Ambroise Thomas* there, he remarked: "Ah, M. Thomas, I heard another opera of yours the other night, wherewith I was charmed—the 'Caid!' " Now, *Thomas* happens to be mortally ashamed of the "Caid," which is a very jolly comic opera, wellnigh, by its gaiety and extravagance, an *opéra-bouffe*; so he did not appreciate the compliment of the great tragedian so highly as he might have done. Rossi, by-the-way, is extravagantly fond of *opéra-bouffe*, and spends the evenings when he does not act in vibrating between the *Variétés*,

the *Renaissance*, and the *Bouffes Parisiens*. He is tremendously fêted and petted here, especially in high official quarters. The other day the Minister of Fine Arts sent him a present of a superb *Sèvres* vase, accompanying the gift with a letter overflowing with compliments. He was further complimented by being invited to appear at the formal reopening of the *Odéon*, which took place last week. In fact, the management tried to engage him to appear as *Cardinal Mazarin* in a revival of "The Youth of Louis XIV.," but Rossi declined, on the ground that the part was unsuited to him. As *Mazarin*, by the author's directions, has to talk with an Italian accent all through the piece, the nationality of the tragedian would have been no hindrance to his success. The part is an ungrateful one, however, and the play itself is stupid, so it is not surprising that he declined the flattering offer of the director.

Meissonier's splendid new house, near the *Parc Monceau*, will not be ready for occupation this winter, as was generally supposed, so the celebrated artist must perforce remain in his charming country-home at *Poissy* till next season. The new domicile includes two studios, both of proportions suited to the vast conceptions of *Horace Vernet* rather than to the gem-like productions of their owner. Meissonier is still hard at work at the large battle-piece which has absorbed his thoughts and his time so long. Owing to some misunderstanding between Sir *Richard Wallace* (who had purchased the picture) and himself, the contract between them is canceled, and this important work, I am happy to state, is destined for New York, it having been bought by Mr. A. T. Stewart. Well might the *Figaro* exclaim, as it did the other day, "In a few years, if we wish to obtain the works of any of the great masters of modern French art, we shall be forced to cross the Atlantic, and to repurchase them in New York for their weight in gold."

The art-world of Paris was, for several days last week, in a state of wild fermentation, a terrible blow to its prosperity having been threatened from official quarters. The menaced disaster was no other than a suppression of the annual exhibition of the *Salon*, and a substitution of a triennial exhibition instead. This cheerful measure, proposed by one M. *Henriquet Dupont*, an engraver of some eminence, actually received the assenting votes of a majority of the Sub-committee on Fine Arts. One can hardly see what good would have been effected by the change. M. *Dupont* talked of "elevating the standard of art," but how the standard of art would have been exalted by depriving the young and rising artists of France of their one annual chance of displaying their works, he did not exactly explain. Moreover, the works of the great artists of France, the celebrities that have "arrived," to use an expressive French idiom, are mainly purchased by foreigners, and are dispersed to Russia, to the United States, and Heaven knows where. At present, it is customary for the painter, after disposing of his picture, to request permission to retain it for exhibition at the next *Salon*. Under the present regulations, the purchaser almost invariably consents, as the delay in receiving the picture at most only amounts to a few months, but, with a triennial *Salon* only, the pictures of two years, at least, would never be seen in Paris at all. Fortunately for the interests of art, the general Fine Arts Council had more sense than the subordinate organization. It not only rejected the proposition of M. *Dupont*, but passed a law instituting a Retrospec-

tive Exhibition of chosen works of art to be held every five years. It also passed another law diminishing the number of works to be exhibited by any one artist at the *Salon* from three, as heretofore, to two only, a good change, as it will give more chances of admission to the rising talent of the day. So, after all the talk and the scarce, we retain our annual *Salon*, with some slight modifications. Considering that the exhibition never costs the government anything, the receipts being always largely in excess of the expenditure, the object of the proposed measure becomes less and less apparent. Some years ago the experiment of holding a biennial exhibition only was tried, but with such ill-results that the present regulations were speedily adopted.

The books of the week are not particularly important, the leading publishers being absorbed in preparations for the coming holidays. A gigantic catalogue of "Livres pour Etrennes" lies before me as I write. It is a lordly volume of two hundred and forty pages, printed on toned paper, and really valuable from the number and beauty of the specimen woodcuts that it contains. There are all kinds of books prepared for the coming festive season—scientific, literary, poetic, historical, juvenile, etc., something to suit every taste and every purse as well. *Michel Lévy* advertises a work called "Le Chevalier Noir," with twenty full-page illustrations by *Gustave Doré*, a book that I should think might be worth translating and reproducing on account of the illustrations. But it is the list of M. *Auguste Fontaine*, the celebrated dealer in fine second-hand books, that brings the water to the mouth of the ardent book-lover: such trifles as *Doré's Bible*, gorgeously bound, impressions on Chinese paper, at four hundred dollars; a set of those superb illustrated works, with plates in gold and colors, known as "Les Arts Somptuaires," "Le Moyen Age et la Renaissance," and "Les Arts Industriels," all fine early copies, and all bound to match in full scarlet morocco, for four hundred dollars; a fine edition of *Molière*, with extra engravings, notes, etc., inserted, for two hundred and forty dollars; a copy of the works of *Rousseau*, in twenty-two volumes, with inserted portraits, illustrations, etc., for six hundred and forty dollars; and other bewitching announcements too numerous to mention. "O for the purse of *Fortunatus*!" one is forced to sigh on perusing these too tempting pages. Among the novelties of the week may be cited "A History of Contemporary Literature in Spain," by M. *Gustave Hubbard*, published by the *Bibliothèque Charpentier*; "Dalles et Planches" ("The Pulpit and the Boards"), a correspondence between a priest and an actor, issued by *Paul Dupont*; and a new novel called "The Adventures of an Actor," by *Marc Fournier*, from the press of E. Lachaud & Co.

The *Gymnase* has brought out "Fereol," the new comedy by *Sardou*, with an admirable cast, and much display of toilets on the part of the actresses that figure therein. The piece has proved a success, and will probably enjoy a long run. The leading idea, the incident of a young man becoming a witness of a crime from the windows of a married lady at night, and to save her reputation compelled to keep silence, and to behold an innocent person charged with the deed, is not particularly novel. But the plot is well worked out, and, though the first act drags somewhat heavily, the last two are full of movement and of interest. Notwithstanding the whole piece is taken up with the fortunes of the accused and the vicissitudes of his trial, we are never permitted to behold either the one or the other.

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It is in the house of *Madame de Bois-Martel*, the seemingly guilty but really innocent heroine, that the action chiefly transpires. The agonized struggles of *Fereol*, forced either to sacrifice the woman that he loves or the unhappy and innocent accused, are powerfully portrayed. All ends happily at last. The real criminal, a game-keeper, named *Martial*, fancying himself denounced by *Fereol*, unwittingly betrays himself. *M. de Bois-Martel* pardons his wife for the indiscretion of which she had been guilty, and all are dismissed to happiness, for *Martial* commits suicide in his prison, and the facts of the case remain, therefore, buried in secrecy. The acting was extremely fine. *M. Worms*, the *new jeune premier* of the Gymnase, who has just returned from a long and brilliant engagement in Russia, played the part of *Fereol* with a force and fire, yet with a total absence of rant or exaggeration, that left nothing to be desired. The place of this admirable actor is waiting for him at the Comédie Française. *Mademoiselle Delaporte*, sweet, pure, and tender as ever, was charming and touching as the heroine, *Madame Roberte de Bois-Martel*; *Lesueur* as a recalcitrant jury-man, *Pujol* as the dignified judge, *Bois-Martel*, and *Landrol* as the lawyer for the prosecution, were each and all excellent. Yet "*Fereol*" is not what may be called "first-quality Sardou." It is rather in his second-best style, the manner of "*Andrea*" (*Agnes*), than in that of "*Nos Intimes*" and "*Patrie*." But it is very much better than any thing else that he has given to the stage for some two years past.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

EDUCATIONAL CLAIMS OF BOTANY.

THANKS to the vehement and perverse strictures of an "English reviewer," the advocates of certain advanced theories of education, as embodied in several modern text-books, are likely to obtain a wider hearing and recognition from the public than has yet been granted them. It appears that Professor A. W. Bennett, in a recent article on "*Botanical Text-Books*," has chosen to misconceive or unjustly condemn the method adopted by Miss Eliza Youmans in the construction of her "*First Book of Botany*," and hence to indirectly strike a blow at the whole modern system of education—a system under the prevalence of which children learn themselves rather than are taught by others. This work the reviewer describes as made up of two hundred pages, extending over seventy lessons, full of nothing save the very driest and most wearisome details of "external morphology," to be "laboriously plodded through" by "loading the memory with an enormous number of technical terms," etc., etc. In view of this attack, which is at fault both in spirit and fact, the reader will not be surprised to learn that the author of the book in question should advance to the rescue with an able and convincing defense. This Miss Youmans does in a letter which, having been denied a place in the columns of the *Academy*, in which journal was published Professor Bennett's review, appeared in the *Examiner* of October 30th. In this reply Miss Youmans, after denying with an emphasis justified by the facts the false statements made

by the reviewer regarding the "seventy lessons," the "dry and wearisome details," and the necessity for "laborious plodding," continues in an able defense, not alone of her work, but especially of its motive. Professor Bennett having commended "as rational and interesting" the method adopted by another author, in which the specimens required for illustration are "described under the eye of the student, each point of structure being pointed out and explained," Miss Youmans joins issue with him as follows:

"I deny that this is a rational method. It is the old traditional and exploded method, in which the teacher does every thing and the pupil nothing. The method of 'careful explanation' by the teacher is the method of instruction, the pouring in of knowledge, and not the method of leading out the faculties by self-exertion, or the acquirement of mental power by overcoming difficulties. One discovery made by persevering application is worth a hundred facts 'carefully pointed out and explained' by the instructor. Something is perhaps gained where the object explained is brought under the eye of the pupil, but the essential educational process is no more reached in this way than by explaining an absent object. Mental power is not acquired except through effort, and the method that does not habitually throw the pupil back upon himself to find out his own explanations, but carefully does this for him, is now so completely discredited that I am not a little surprised to find it commended in dealing with such a subject as botany."

In the first edition of Miss Youmans's book the author presents, in the form of an extended preface or "letter to teachers," an essay, entitled "A Defense of the Educational Claims of Botany," in which are presented and advocated views which the present letter merely enforces with additional emphasis.

So important do we regard this controversy, and so fraught with meaning both to parent and child, that no apology need be made for considering at length the defense of the methods as laid down in the essay.

In this "Defense of the Educational Claims of Botany," Miss Youmans takes the ground that, of all the physical sciences, this one is best adapted to train and develop the observing powers—that is, while the facts of botany are not without great value, the method by which these facts are obtained is one best calculated to develop the intellectual powers and discipline the mind. Taking this ground, the defense of these special claims is prefaced by an extended consideration of the true nature of mental growth; and it is to this phase of the discussion that the attention of both parents and teachers is immediately directed. It will be observed at the outset that Miss Youmans accepts the law of correlation, and extends the limits of its operation so far as to perceive an intimate resemblance and relation between the two orders of development, physical and mental. We condense from her "Defense" as follows:

Regarding mind as a manifestation of life and mental growth, and as dependent upon bodily growth, the analogy between these two forms of development is made the subject of special consideration. All living beings com-

mence in germs, and the beginning of growth is a change in the germ by which it is separated into unlike parts. It is by the assimilation of like with like that differences arise. Nourishment is taken from without, and each part attracts to itself the particles which are like itself. Thus bone-material is incorporated with bone, nerve-material with nerve, etc. As in the physical, so in the mental universe growth commences when the creature becomes acted upon by outside agencies. Admitting the truth of this analogy, we are asked to consider the phenomenon of mental growth; and it is to this point that the attention of the parents is emphatically directed. When they learn to regard the mind of their child as something to be fostered, fed, and nourished, according to methods kindred to those by which the physical development is encouraged, they will have taken one decided step forward in the line of the new education. Let us see how the demands and conditions of this mental growth are to be met and favored. As bodily growth begins in a change of the material germ, so mental growth begins in a change of feeling, and this change of feeling is due to a change of external impressions upon the infant organism. From several illustrations enforcing this view, we select the following: "When an infant opens its eyes for the first time upon the flame of a candle, an image is formed, an impression produced, and there is a change of feeling. But the flame is not known, because there is as yet no *idea*. The trace left by the first impression is so faint that, when the light is removed, it is not remembered—that is, it has not yet become a mental possession. As the light, however, flashes into its eyes a great many times in a few weeks, each new impression is added to the trace of former impressions left in the nervous matter, and thus the impression deepens, until it becomes so strong as to remain when the candle is withdrawn. The idea, therefore, grows by exactly the same process as a bone grows—that is, by the successive incorporation of like with like. By the integration of a long series of similar impressions, one portion of consciousness thus becomes differentiated from the rest, and there emerges the *idea* of the flame. Time and repetition are therefore the indispensable conditions of the process.

"Now, when the candle is brought, the child recognizes or knows it—that is, it perceives it to be *like* the whole series of impressions of the candle-flame formerly experienced. It knows it because the impression produced agrees with the idea. In this way, by numerous repetitions of impressions, the child's first ideas arise; and in this way all objects are known."

As it is a part of our present purpose to defend this system of education, as illustrated by the "*First Book of Botany*," we would here state that the method therein pursued is consistent with this view of the true nature of mental growth. By the aid of illustrations, always accompanied by the direct presence of the plant or flower, the child is made familiar with the several parts and their relation to each other. It is true that, in this primary work, little attention is paid to

the physiological questions, which, as being in the nature of an advance, are left to be discussed after that mental development has been attained which will render such discussion possible and profitable. It will be seen that the mind is considered as amenable to laws kindred to those which relate to physical growth. Thus the special service is preceded by a general development, and in the present instance it is proposed to effect this development by the aid of one branch of science—that of botany. "The way a child gets its early knowledge is the way all knowledge is obtained; when it discovers the likeness between sugar, cake, and certain fruits—that is, when it integrates them in thought as *sweet*—it is making just such an induction as Newton made in discovering the law of gravitation." It is not improbable that this conclusion may not be accepted by all, since it may appear to leave little room for the deductive processes; be that as it may, the truth of the method in its relation to early development will not be denied. Passing on to that point where the author makes direct application of the principles set forth above, we read that "the glaring deficiency of our popular systems of instruction is, that words are not subordinated to their real purposes, but are permitted to usurp that supreme attention which should be given to the formation of ideas by the study of things. It is at this point that true mental growth is checked, and the minds of children are switched off from the main line of natural development into a course of artificial acquisition, in which the semblance of knowledge takes the place of the reality of knowledge. . . . The existing systems of instruction are therefore deficient, by making no adequate provision for cultivating the growth of ideas by the exercise of the observing powers of children. Observation, the capacity of recognizing distinctions, and of being mentally alive to the objects and actions around us, is only to be acquired by practice, and therefore requires to become a regular and habitual mental exercise, and to have a fundamental place in education." It is at this point that the claims of botany are advanced with justice and confidence, not as a special science but as a means of mental discipline, and it is when viewed in this light that the importance of this branch of study becomes the more evident.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR, in a letter to the *English Mechanic*, recounts certain experiences and observations made during his recent voyage to this country on a Cunard steamer. Among these we note one that has doubtless occurred to other inquisitive voyagers. The subject under review is introduced by the statement that, "during long sea-voyages, some of the common fallacies about chances and averages are strikingly illustrated. . . . If there have been," says the writer, "several days of rough weather and unfavorable winds, many seem to think that the chances of calm weather or favorable winds are greater for the following few days than they ordinarily would be." In this special instance it is admitted that, owing to the operation of well-known laws, a long continuance of winds from any given direction may serve to restore a needed equilibrium, and hence, after a certain time, a change may

fairly be expected. But the professor, from his observations among the passengers, was induced to believe that those who were betting on a change were not fortified by meteorological tables or informed as to their nature and value, but cherished the common fallacy "that past events of one kind are more likely to be followed by events of a different kind than by events of the same kind." Although this idea may justly be regarded as a fallacy, yet we are bold enough to believe that many even of our readers have been induced to act on it. For instance, in "casting lots" after the modern method—that is, by "tossing a cent"—how many are they who, having had the coin come up head for six consecutive times, would not be willing to give odds in favor of its coming up tail on the seventh toss! And yet, by what law of rhyme or reason could such a conclusion be justified? In his letter Professor Proctor cites a singular instance where this faith in chances had acted as a governing motive in deciding by which steamer a traveler should cross the ocean. It is generally recognized by tourists that, of all the steamers which cross the Atlantic, those belonging to the Cunard line are the safest. That this opinion is a just one appears from the fact that this line has "never lost a passenger," a result due, without question, to the superior discipline which exists on these ships, and the strength and seaworthiness of the vessels themselves. This view of the case, however, does not seem to have weight with all, as illustrated by the following incident: A particularly "cute" American had taken a passage to Europe by a steamer on the Inman or White Star line, and was asked why he did not go by a Cunarder. "Guess it ain't safe," said he. "Not safe?" replied his friend. "Don't you know that the Cunard Company boast that they have never lost a passenger yet?" "Well, that's just it," replied this modern fatalist. "Every company must lose a certain number of passengers, and some time or other is bound to make up its number." When recorded in black and white it is possible that few will fail to see the fallacy of this reasoning; and yet, we venture to predict that, should this line lose two steamers in quick succession, there would be found many to say, "Well, their turn has come at last." Nor is it at all improbable that the passenger-list would be for a time susceptible reduced, owing to the popular faith in this popular fallacy.

THE Scotch Herring-Fishery Board have taken measures toward assisting the fishermen in their work by the aid of meteorological observations. Through the liberality of the Marquis of Tweeddale, twenty of the fishing-stations were supplied with deep-sea thermometers, and the fishermen were instructed to ascertain the temperature of the sea at the time fishing was going on. These records, together with those of the daily "catches," were placed in the hands of Mr. Buchan, the secretary of the Meteorological Society, who compared and analyzed them. The result of these comparisons, as indicated in a recent report, proved that, during the periods when good or heavy catches were taken, the barometer was in most cases high and steady, the winds light and moderate, and electrical phenomena wanting; and, on the other hand, when catches were low, the observations indicated a low barometer, strong winds, unsettled weather, and thunder and lightning. Though it would not be safe to extend these rules so as to govern fishermen who seek fish of other species, yet enough has been proved by these results to justify similar experiments on our

own coasts; and it is evident that, were fishermen certain that the chances were against them, valuable time would be saved which is now spent in a vain endeavor to catch fish which have, owing to unfavorable climatic conditions, gone out beyond the reach of hook or net.

As the result of a long-continued course of experiment and observation, Helmholtz has obtained the following results regarding the relative amounts of energy expended by the human body in internal and external work: "About five times as much energy is used in the internal work of the body as is expended in ordinary productive work. In the case of severe work, the proportion of internal work to productive work is still greater. Supposing the work performed by a man to consist of walking, the most economical rate, both as regards the amount of food required to sustain it, and the amount of potential energy expended on the body itself, is about three miles an hour. Both above and below that speed there is a decrease in the amount of active work as compared with the non-productive energy. A man walking fifteen or sixteen miles a day, or doing an equivalent amount of work in any other form, would require 28 ounces of food, composed of albuminates 4.6 ounces, fat 3 ounces, starch 14.3 ounces, and salts 1.1 ounce. This would yield a potential energy of 4,430 foot-tons, and 300 foot-tons for productive work. A mere subsistence diet for a man at rest would be 15 ounces, but with this amount a man would lose weight. About 7,000 foot-tons a day of potential energy is the greatest amount which is possible as a permanency. This would yield 600 foot-tons of productive work. These calculations apply only to men in health."

THAT certain of the vital processes are aided or checked by the presence or absence of light is a fact already demonstrated. It has remained, however, for a recent observer, M. von Platen, to prove that light, through excitation of the retina alone, causes an active increase in the exchange of material in the tissues. The method by which these facts were obtained is as ingenious as the results are novel and interesting. A certain number of rabbits were inclosed in a respiration apparatus or box, so contrived that both the oxygen consumed and the carbonic acid given off could be accurately measured. Before the eyes of each rabbit small wooden rings or spectacles were fastened, the glasses of these being so adjusted that all light could be excluded from the eyes. Having thus arranged the preliminaries, the consumption of oxygen during the time when light was admitted or excluded from the retina was carefully noted, it being thus determined that this consumption in light and in darkness was in the relation of 116 to 100, and the separation of carbonic acid under the same conditions as 114 to 100. This difference, let it be understood, was the result, not of a varying condition of light and darkness in the surrounding atmosphere, but merely of the lighting up or darkening of the retina. Should it be found that the same law pertains to men as to rabbits, the physiological conditions of the blind must be of a special and peculiar character.

THE success attending the use of nickel as a plating material has prompted experiments in the use of other metals for a like purpose. The latest of these is that reported by Bertrand, who has succeeded in producing a galvanic deposit of bismuth on the surface of

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other metals. The process may be described as follows: From twenty-five to thirty-five grains of the double chloride of bismuth and ammonia are dissolved in about one quart of water, and this solution is used cold, by the usual methods, a single Bunsen pile being employed. On coming out of the bath, the coated surface is covered with a dark-looking slime, beneath which the metallic lustre of the bismuth is visible. This latter adheres very closely, and takes a fine polish, the color being intermediate between antimony and silver.

By simply altering the figures on the face of an ordinary stop-watch, this instrument has been made to render service as a distance-measurer. The purpose is to place in the hands of the army-officer a convenient instrument, by which the distance of an enemy's battery may be determined. When awaiting the flash of the enemy's gun, the officer stands, watch in hand, with the pointer marking zero. The instant the flash is seen, the pointer is released, to be stopped when the sound of the report is heard. By this means, the distance is indicated. Notwithstanding the accuracy of the instrument, it is evident that the season of the year, the direction of the wind, and the condition of the atmosphere, are important factors, and, to aid the observer in this, several scales are used.

In the November number of the *Geographical Magazine* Captain Burton, in reviewing Mr. Stanley's report of his exploration of the Albert N'yanza, commends the energy and zeal displayed by this American explorer, and, though questioning the accuracy of certain observations, credits him for the actual topographical results obtained in defining the limits of the lake and its feeders.

It has been discovered that a mixture of borax, sulphate of soda, and uraic acid, will render cloth unflammable, at the same time so protecting it as to insure it against any loss of color or change in texture by heat.

Miscellanea.

AN article in *Blackwood*, entitled "Weather," contains many striking and eloquent passages. Climate and weather are compared as follows:

Climate is geographically fixed, while weather is atmospherically variable; climate is a calculated quantity, while weather is an unknown one. All sorts of rules are applicable to climate, but none are applicable to weather. Climate is monarchy, weather is anarchy. Climate is a constitutional government, whose organization we see and understand; latitude and altitude are its king and queen; dryness and dampness are its two houses of parliament; animal and vegetable products are its subjects; and the isothermal lines are its newspapers; but weather is a red-hot, radical republic, all excitements and uncertainties, a despiser of old rules, a hater of proprieties and order. Climate is a great, stately sovereign, whose will determines the whole character of the lives and habits of his retainers, but whose rule is regular, and is therefore so little felt that it seems like liberty; but weather is a capricious, cruel tyrant, who changes his decrees each day, and who forces us, by his ever-varying whims, to remember that we are slaves. Climate is local; weather is universal. We are indifferent to climate because we

are accustomed to it, but we are dependent on weather because we never know what form it will take to-morrow. Climate is the rule; weather is the exception. Climate is dignity; weather is impudence.

The causes of changes in weather are indicated:

If all the air reposed exclusively on water or on earth alone, there would be no weather; of course, there would be climates, but they probably would be very nearly free from accidents or changes, for the reason that no sufficient agent would be at work to upset their regularity, as weather does. It is the division of the earth into sea and land, it is the joint though separate action on the atmosphere of these two bases, which create weather; it is the counter-working of those two pavements on the air above them which provokes its good or bad behavior; it is the contrast and the clashing between evaporation and precipitation, between the uplifting and the down-pouring of the waters, according to the variety of topographic influences, which bring about the wild uncertainties of weather and destroy the peaceful unities of climate. It is, however, not solely because the surface of the earth is a mixture of wet and dry that these incongruities arise; the varied nature and the diversified disposition of the materials of which the land part of that surface is composed, must also be taken into account; for, as through their agency the distribution of heat on land is rendered most uneven, the atmosphere in contact with that land is irregularly heated also, its faculty of absorbing vapor increases or diminishes with its temperature, and, in this way, a second motive cause of weather is produced.

At the outset of the study of the clouds an insoluble enigma is encountered:

Clouds, as has just been said, are made of water, and water is eight hundred and sixteen times heavier than air; how, then, do clouds manage to get lifted up into the air, and to stop there comfortably, apparently without an effort, and to travel thousands of miles there, at all sorts of paces, just as if it were quite natural and proper that they should be there? Nobody can tell us. Now, really it is humiliating that, at the very outset of our attempt to make the acquaintance of weather, we should encounter an obstacle of this sort, which bars the door to all possibility of real intimacy. Of course, wise people have tried to scramble over it; of course, there have been plenty of suggestions of the peculiar reasons which enable clouds to defy what are supposed to be the laws of Nature, to despise attraction, and to mock at gravitation: but not one of the explanations which have been invented is considered to be sufficient; the clouds go on swimming incomprehensibly above us, in utter disdain of a number of excellent reasons why they should do nothing of the kind. If they behaved like every thing else in Nature, they would never go up at all; but then, in that case, they would not be clouds. Some learned gentlemen have asserted that clouds are supported by rising currents of hot air, which push them up from below, apparently just as children blow up soap-bubbles and keep them floating as long as their breath lasts; others have considered that electricity, in some unknown fashion, contrives to hold them in their places; others, again, have urged that the water-globules of which they are formed contain "obscure internal heat," which by expansion makes them lighter than the surrounding air, converts each of them in

that way into a Montgolfier balloon, and so enables them to remain suspended. We ignorant people are of course quite ready to believe any one of these interpretations, or any other, provided only the sages will tell us which one to adopt; but, so long as they hold silence on the point, all we can do is to stare inquisitively at the clouds and say within ourselves, "How on earth, now, do you manage it?"

Rain is the first-born child of the clouds; fog is the second, and snow the third:

Rain is incontestably possessed of some most remarkable capacities; its talents are brilliant; its influence is enormous; but the value and the merit of its qualities are lamentably diminished by the capriciousness, the willfulness, and the disorder, with which it employs them. Of course, it has the excuse of having been abominably brought up, like all its kindred, and of never having had the advantage of good examples at home, for neither weather, nor vapor, nor clouds, set their younger relatives a pattern of steadiness, of dignity, or of regularity of conduct. But, whoever may be to blame, the fact persists that the merits and defects of rain are so intermingled that it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish them from each other. Open-handed generosity and niggardly avarice, the gentlest and tenderest caresses and the fiercest blasts of temper, the most daring and impetuous public speaking, and the driest and most painful silence, are all mixed up together in this richly-endowed but wildly-wayward Nature.

Fog is described as follows:

Rain is a spendthrift who casts about his substance in every direction; fog is a miser who holds together all he has. Rain is invariably in motion; fog is always indolent and lazy. Rain is active, violent, and noisy; fog is stagnant, sulky, and silent. Fog is manifestly jealous of his brother—gets into his way as much as possible, and seems to try fallaciously to prove that, as their common mother, cloud, can descend to earth entire in the shape of her second son, it is altogether needless for her to tumble down there in pieces under the name of the elder one. Unfortunately, however, for the pretensions of fog, it is of no kind of use to us, while its liquid relative is indispensable. It seems, indeed, to know this, for it likes particularly to stop in inaccessible places, on mountain-tops, or out at sea, where scarcely any one can look at it, as if it were ashamed of its condition. It is true that it does visit us occasionally on-dry land, but in a nasty, hesitating sort of way, and it rarely presumes to show itself among us in broad daylight. Most of the other members of the family of weather—with all their faults—have some redeeming qualities; but fog is hopelessly objectionable: it is ugly, useless, stupid, and dirty.

Of snow, the third offspring, the writer is eloquent and poetic:

The third child is a daughter. She floats in the winter air in the white frock that was given to her at her birth, and, though she is now as old as the north wind, she has never changed her robe. Cold, still, spotless, and majestic, she seems altogether out of place amid her coarse relations: they are a disorderly populace; she is a stately queen. Silent, frigid, and so white that her very name means purity, she stands alone—the Pallas Athene of weather. Her movements are soundless; she hushes all around her; she effaces every

thing she touches; all signs of life are hidden beneath the noiseless veil she spreads. Immaculate, irresistible, and eternal, she possesses an awfulness and a grandeur which are special to herself; Nature has produced no counterpart of her; and it is perhaps as well that she has no sister, for, if the clouds had two unmarried daughters of her type, mankind would have hard work to get through the winters. The immensity of her power can, however, be judged only in her own chosen homes, and it is indeed well worth our while to visit them, for, of all material royalties, there is not one like hers.

And yet this splendid vestal is not invariably the mighty, ruthless, immutable sovereign that we behold on the mountains and at the poles. Like all other rulers, she has her weak moments. It is saddening to have to own that so superb a princess can ever change her glorious form, but the truth is evident—she thaws! Her attributes of whiteness and eternity are, after all, mere questions of thermometer and position; they dazzle our bewildered eyes as we humbly gaze upon them on the summits of the Alps; they turn into dirty water in Pall Mall. We easily forget, when snow is sitting nobly on her throne, that the plebeian blood of rain and fog is running in her veins; but she herself, despite her majesty, is forced to own the lamentable fact as soon as she gets warm. How she must hate heat! To be glorious, brilliant, stainless snow, all grand and undefiled and beautiful, and then, because the sun shines out a little, to be obliged to vanish into puddle! What mockery of the greatness of this earth!

The notion that the moon influences our atmosphere is fully disposed of:

The notion that the moon exerts an influence on weather is so deeply rooted that, notwithstanding all the attacks which have been made against it since meteorology has been seriously studied, it continues to retain its hold upon us. And yet there never was a popular superstition more utterly without a basis than this one. If the moon did really possess any power over weather, that power could only be exercised in one of three ways—by reflection of the sun's rays, by attraction, or by emanation. No other form of action is conceivable. Now, as the brightest light of a full moon is never equal in intensity or quantity to that which is reflected toward us by a white cloud on a summer day, it can scarcely be pretended that weather is affected by such a cause. That the moon does exert attraction on us is manifest—we see its working in the tides; but, though it can move water, it is most unlikely that it can do the same to air, for the specific gravity of the atmosphere is so small that there is nothing to be attracted. Laplace calculated, indeed, that the joint attraction of the sun and moon together could not stir the atmosphere at a quicker rate than five miles a day. As for lunar emanations, not a sign of them has ever been discovered. The idea of an influence produced by the phases of the moon is therefore based on no recognizable cause whatever. Furthermore, it is now distinctly shown that no variations at all really occur in weather at the moment of the changes of quarter, any more than at other ordinary times. Since the establishment of meteorological stations all over the earth, it has been proved by millions of observations that there is no simultaneousness whatever between the supposed cause and the supposed effect. The whole story is a fancy and a superstition, which has been handed down to us uncontrolled, and which we have accepted as true because our

forefathers believed it. The moon exercises no more influence on weather than herrings do on the government of Switzerland.

THE London *Spectator* is eloquent and enthusiastic over *Rip Van Winkle* and Jefferson's delineation of the character.

It is a little trying to have to wait for *Rip's* appearance so long after the curtain rises, but the delay has the merit of being filled with instruction. The play is remarkably well constructed in this respect: there is no confusion about it, the relative positions of everybody are clearly defined from the first, and we may contemplate *Rip* from the moment at which his face shows itself—beaming with the sweet, careless drollery, which instantly overthrows our compassionate and indignant sense of *Gretchen's* wrongs, and adds us to the party of the dogs and the children—without having any by-paths of attention to tread. There's not a word to be said for the morality of the piece; we give that up; and are glad to be provided with a big villainous person like *Derrick*, a regular stage out-and-outer, to absorb all our virtuous reprobation of evil, for we have not any for *Rip*. He is every thing that *Gretchen* calls him, and more—for *Gretchen* does not know of his unjustifiable talk about her to *Derrick* and *Vetter*—but we love him; his smile goes straight to our hearts; his laugh—can there ever have been such a laugh among the great actors who are the traditions of our time?—makes us laugh unconsciously with the oddest sense of unreasonable glee; and his first words make us understand what the Irish people mean by a voice that "would whistle the birds off the bushes." No truer words were ever spoken on the stage

than *Gretchen's* definition of "a jolly dog," and of the results to the wife and children of that tragic personage; but what becomes of their weighty effect when we see *Rip* and the children, and when *Rip* drinks his famous toast, with a serious, calm, and fascinating grace, as if he fulfilled a duty none the less agreeable for its sacredness? We don't defend ourselves, we only protest absurdly: "He isn't a jolly dog—a jolly dog is a vulgar beast—he is *Rip*." Yes, that is just it—he is *Rip*, and everybody loves him, except *Derrick*, the big villain, who is sober and thrifty. And *Rip* is always tipsy, but infinitely charming; he is just a hopeless vagabond, without the faintest sense of duty, but full of the most enchanting humor; a ragamuffin, who is simply beautiful to look upon; a sot, with a world of gentleness and not a particle of principle in him, irradiated all through by such an exquisite light of drollery and shrewdness that our moral sense is blinded by it.

THE following "general order," published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, February 14, 1775, is an interesting centennial fact:

It having been found very inconvenient to persons concerned in trade, that the mail from "Philadelphia to New England" sets out but once a fortnight during the winter season, this is to give notice that the New England mail will henceforth go once a week the year round; where a correspondence may be carried on, and answers obtained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston in three weeks, which used in the winter to require six weeks.

By command of the postmaster-general:
WILLIAM FRANKLIN, *Comptroller*.

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